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"HE LOVES AND HE RIDES AWAY."

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

'T was in that island Summer where
They spin the morning gossamer,
And weave the evening mist,
That, underneath the hawthorn-tree,
I loved my love, and my love loved me,
And there we lay and kissed,
And saw the happy ships upon the yielding sea.

Soft my heart, and warm his wooing,
What we did seemed, while 'twas going,
Beautiful and wise;
Wiser, fairer, more in tune,
Than all else in that sweet June,
And sinless as the skies
That warmed the willing earth through all the languid noon.

Ah that fatal spell!
Ere the evening fell,
I fled away to hide my frightened face,
And cried that I was born,
And sobbed with love and scorn,
And in the darkness sought a darker place,
And blushed, and wept, and blushed, and dared not think of morn.
Day and night, day and night,
And I saw no light,
Night and day, night and day,
And in my woe I lay
And dreamed the dreams they dream who cannot sleep:
My speech was withered, and I could not pray;
My tears were frozen, and I could not weep.

I saw the hawthorn rise
Between me and the skies,
I felt the shadow was from pole to pole,
I felt the leaves were shed,
I felt the birds were dead,
And on the earth I snowed the winter of my soul.

Like to the hare wide-eyed,
That with her throbbing side
Pressed to the rock awaits the coming cry,
In my despair I sate
And waited for my fate;
And as the hunted hare returns to die,
And with her latest breath
Regains her native heath,
So, when I heard the feet of destiny
Near and more near, I caught the yelp of death,
Toward the sounding sea,
Toward my hawthorn-tree,
Under the ignorant stars I darkly crept:
'There,' I said, 'they'll find me dead,
Lying within my maidenhead.'
And at my own unwonted voice, I wept;
And for my great heartache,
Within a little brake
I lay me weary down and weary slept,
Nor never oped mine eyes till morn had left the lake.
Her morning bath was o'er
And on the golden shore
She stood like Flora with her floral train,
And all her track was seen
Among the watery sheen,
That blushed, and wished, and blushing wished again,
And parted still, and closed, with pleasure that had been.
O the happy isle,
The universal smile
That met, as love meets love, the smile of day,
And touched and lit delight
Within the common light,
Till all the joy of life was ecstacy,
And morn's wild maids ran each her flowery way,
And shook her dripping locks o'er hill, and dale, and lea!
'At least,' I said, 'my tree is sear and blight,
My tree, my hawthorn-tree!'

With downcast eyes of fear
I drew me near and near,
Dazed with the dewy glory of the hour,
Till under-foot I see
A flower too dear to me:
I pause, and raise my full eyes from the flower,
And lo! my hawthorn-tree!

As a white-limbed may,
In some illumined bay,
Flings round her shining charms in starry rain,
And with her body bright
Dazzles the water white,
That fall from her fair form, and flee in vain,
Dyed with the dear unutterable sight,
And circle out her beauty through the circling main,

So my hawthorn-tree
Stood and seemed to me
The very face that smiled the Summer smile:
All lesser light-bearers
Did light their lamps at hers—
She lit her own at heaven's, and looked the while
A purer, sweeter sun,
Whence beauty was begun,
And blossomed from her blossoms through the blossoming isle.
Then I took heart, and as I looked upon
Her unstained white, I said, 'I am not wholly vile.'

Thus my hawthorn-tree
Was my witness unto me,
And so I answered my impleading sin
Till blossom-time was o'er,
And with the Autumn roar
Mine unrebuked accuser entered in,
And I fell down convinced, and strove with shame no more.

Some time after came to me,
An image of the hawthorn-tree,
And bore the old sweet witness; and I heard,
And from among the dead
I lifted up my head,
As one lifts up to hear a little bird,
And finds the night is past and all the East is red.

Small and fair, choice and rare,
Snowy pale with moonlight hair,
My little one blossoms and springs!
Like joy with woe singing to it,
Like love with sorrow to woo it,
So my witty one, so my pretty one sings!
And I see the white hawthorn-tree and the bright Summer birds singing through it,
And my heart is prouder than kings!

While I look on her I seem
Once again in the sweet dream,
For ah! how light a thing
Would shake me with the sorrow I deny!

I am as one who hid a giant's child
In her deep prison, and, from year to year,
He grew to his own stature, fierce and wild,
And what she took for love she kept for fear.

O, thou enchanter, who dost hold the spells
Of all my sealed cells,
O love, thou hast been silent all too long.

—The Stage in England has furnished wives for many of the nobility and gentry. The following by no means complete list, is worth the perusal of those who look upon the bright side of the foot-lights as divided by a gulf from any sort of pretension to mix on equal terms with what calls itself respectable society. The two Misses Brunton became Mrs. Yates and the Dowager Countess Craven; Miss Stephens became the Countess of Essex; Miss Foote, the Countess of Harrington; Miss M. Tree, Mrs. Bradshaw, the wife of an M. P. for Canterbury; Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Felix Boothby; Miss O'Neil, Mrs. Beecher; Miss Farrin, Countess of Derby; Mary Bolton, the wife of Lord Thurlow; Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton; Anastasia Robinson, the Earl of Peterborough's wife; Lucretia Bradshaw, Mrs. Folhyes. The explanation of such infatuation on the part of sundry respectable male members of society, is to be found perhaps in the fact that nature is stronger than the conventions of rank, family, or society.

[From the New York Tribune, September 22.]

RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

It was, we believe, about two years since that a company was formed in London with the euphonious title of the Great National League Newspaper Company. The purpose of this association was the publication of a daily paper, the name whereof was to be *The Dial*, and the nature religious. It was felt by the devout gentlemen who originated this Great National League that the influence of the leading London Press was detrimental to the cause of sound evangelical religion, and that the special need of the British public was a good doctrinal print, a sort of gigantic tract, which, while not neglectful of this world, would not forget the next; which should remind the British merchant at breakfast, that eternity was approaching, even if there were an advance in consols; and should assure the British country gentleman, whatever improvement there might be in the corn market, that all flesh is grass, and that the scythe of Time is the only one that is never at rest. The purpose of the League was laudable, though not successful.

It was not successful, because the British public failed to perceive the importance of this missionary effort, or else perhaps, resented the intimation that their enlightened minds were to be influenced by means which too forcibly suggested the moral and evangelical pocket-handkerchiefs provided for the infantile noses of Borrioboolagha. It was determined by the Company that no number of the new journal should appear till a very large capital, much larger than was ever invested in any newspaper in this country, was entirely paid in. But two years elapsed and the capital was not forthcoming. Stockholders grew impatient; the spiritual noses—so to speak—of the British lieges were—if we may be permitted the expression—sadly in want of handkerchiefs, and those nasal extremities were becoming daily more and more inflamed by contact with those immoral sheets, *The Times*, and other London papers; and so, although the amount subscribed was but a small portion of the sum originally proposed, it was determined to commence the publication. And it was commenced with an unswerving faith, such as should attend all religious enterprises, that the subscribers to the journal would soon supply all deficiencies in the capital, and that the business of publication would become as successful as though it were a purely commercial enterprise and altogether of the world worldly. The proprietors, nevertheless, have been sadly disappointed in their expectations. Borrioboolagha [illegible] for the daily use of business men were found to be useless as moral and evangelical pocket-handkerchiefs for the little savages who wear no clothes, much less pockets, and blow their noses au naturel. Indeed, it might be said that a handkerchief with the Lord's Prayer upon it is not a thing to be sneezed at, whether in Africa or elsewhere; but the British public evidently turned up their noses and sneezed in the most defiant and obstreperous manner at this attempt to prolong family prayers all day long, in the market-place, the workshop, the office, and the counting-room. And at last, *The Dial*, tired of an unsuccessful speculation, has surceased its self-imposed task of preaching the Gospel every morning to every creature at breakfast time, and has merged itself in an utterly lay and, so far, profane publication which has never aspired to be anything but a newspaper. It is evident from this movement that the proprietors of *The Dial* know 'What's o'clock.'

Now we beg the patient reader, who has followed us thus far, not to suppose that we are girding and scoffing at sacred things. Not at all. In veneration and reverence for all things holy we yield to none. But we do not believe in making them a matter of trade. We do not believe that those who in a purely business transaction appeal to the religious convictions or the religious prejudices of the community either ought to succeed or are likely to be successful. They ought not to succeed, because it is degrading the holiest sentiment of the human heart to be used for a purpose which, under the influence of such a motive, becomes base and sordid. It is not likely to be successful, because the commercial spirit is preëminently practical, goes straight to the point, and does not permit itself to be diverted to what, in the business in hand, are side issues. Men have relations to religion, but they also have relations to the world. The characters of all of us should be informed by a religious life, and one good evidence that they are so is the faithfulness with which the duties of our daily lives are performed. Men need in a daily paper the intelligence of daily affairs. They wish and they need to be instructed as to the events of the world which may affect their business, or which may affect their fellow-men in their worldly relations. We believe this to be true of the most devout. It is no reflection upon these to say that they do not wish to carry their evangelical convictions, and their religious thoughts into their offices and counting-rooms; and if it is a reflection, it is none the less true that a large class of seemingly devout people have quite as much of religious teaching as they wish on the first day of the week, and consider it to be rather an intrusion if it is forced upon them the other six. There is a wide difference between the use made of a weekly paper and that made of the daily. The former belongs to the family, and may very properly be made an aid to religious reflection and serious thought. But the latter concerns our daily life, is a business enterprise, is a reflection of the news, the crimes, the amusements, the thousand and one incidents which make up the daily affairs of the world, and which are of interest to everybody. A well conducted newspaper cannot ignore these, and the mind instinctively revolts at any proposed admixture with them of a purely religious purpose. We remember at the season of religious conventions in a neighboring city, a canting brother put upon the sign at the door of his eating-house, the profane and disgusting inscription, 'Oysters fried, stewed, and in the shell. The friends of the Redeemer are requested to call.' It is this commingling of things sacred and common at which the mind revolts, that renders the success of a religious daily journal impossible. It has never yet succeeded, though often attempted. Even in the latest enterprise of this sort in this city the attentive reader cannot have failed to observe how gradually the first exclusive purpose is abandoned, and advertisements for theatres, and other places of amusement, with comments upon them, reports of crimes, and the treatment of topics of merely worldly interest, which it may say at the same moment should never be mentioned, are sure to find a place in its columns, that it may maintain a character for being a daily newspaper.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

STANZAS.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Her step was queenly, and her angel-face
Spoke of a spotless purity of heart;
Her every movement pictured forth a grace—
The grace of Nature, unrestrained by Art.

Her eye was Heaven's own light; her pensive brow
Was shaded by a wealth of rich, dark hair;
Her smiles such winning sweetness owned, e'en thou
Couldst not have deemed her ought but wondrous fair.

Yes—she was beautiful, and yet of earth;
And peace dwelt in her spirit like a dove.
In weakest words I've told you of her worth,
But have not spoken of her woman's love.

[From the Independent.]

SUMMING UP IN ITALY.

(Inscribed to Intelligent Publics out of it.)

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

Observe how it will be at last,
When our Italy stands at full stature,
A year ago tied down so fast
That the cord cut the quick of her nature!
You'll honor the deed and its scope,
Then, in logical sequence upon it,
Will use up the remnants of rope
By hanging the men who have done it.

II.

The speech in the Commons which hits you
A sketch off, how dungeons must feel,—
The official dispatch, which commits you
From stamping out groans with your heel,—
Suggestions in journal or book for
Good efforts,—are praised . . . as is meet,
But what in this world can men look for,
Who only achieve and complete?

III.

True, you've praise for the fireman, who sets his
Brave face to the axe of the flame,
Disappears in the smoke, and then fetches
A babe down, or idiot that's lame,—
For the boor even, who rescues through pity
A sheep from the brute who would kick it:
But saviors of nations!—'tis pretty,
And doubtful! they may be so wicked!

IV.

Azeglio, Farini, Mamiani,
Ricasoli,—doubt by the dozen!—here's
Pepoli too, and Cipriani,
Imperial cousins and cozeners;
Arese, Lalatico, courtly
Of manners, if stringent of mouth.
Garibaldi—we'll come to him shortly
(As soon as he ends in the South).

V.

Napoleon,—as strong as ten armies,
Corrupt as seven devils,—a fact
You accede to, then seek where the harm is
Drained off from the man to his act,
And find . . . a free nation. Suppose
Some hell-brood in Eden's sweet greenery,
Convoked for creating . . . a rose!—
Would it suit the infernal machinery?

VI.

Cavour,—to the despot's desire,
Who his own thought so craftily marries,
What is he but just a thin wire
For conducting the lightning from Paris?
Yes, write down the two as compeers,
Confessing (you would not permit a lie)
He bore up his Piedmont ten years
[illegible]

VII.

And the King, with that 'stain on his 'scutcheon'
Savoy . . . as the calumny runs!
If it be not his blood,—with his clutch on
The sword, and his face to the guns.
O first where the battle-storm gathers,
O loyal of heart on the throne,
Let those keep the 'graves of their fathers,'
Who quail, in a nerve, from their own!

VIII.

For thee;—through the dim Hades-portal
The dream of a voice,—'Blessed thou
Who hast made all thy race twice immortal!
No need of the sepulchres now!—
Left to Bourbons and Hapsburgs, who fester
Above-ground with worm-eaten souls,
While the ghost of some poor feudal jester
Before them strews treaties in holes.'

IX.

But hush!—am I dreaming a poem
Of Hades, heaven, justice?—not I.
I began too far off, in my proem,
With what men believe and deny.
And, on earth, whatsoever the meed is,
(To sum up as thoughtful reviewers,)
The moral of every great deed is
The virtue of slandering the doers.

Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales.

A long reign of uninterrupted felicity has, for all the English-speaking portion of the world, made Queen Victoria the accepted symbol of domestic excellence as well as of Royal dignity and wisdom. The calm and skeptical classes, who, perhaps, best understand her large claims on the gratitude of her country, can only appreciate, by a deliberate effort, the space which she occupies in the imagination of the great body of the population, more especially in distant regions. The greatness, the freedom, and the modern liberality of England are inseparably associated with her name, and a farther sentiment, which would never be excited by her representative character, assumes the form of homage to her person. The citizens, and more especially the women, of the United States, in the absence of any prominent object of admiration at home, have, not unnaturally, adopted the image of the Queen of England in the place of a national idol. The head of a mighty Empire, the chief of a great historic dynasty, can scarcely be looked upon without emotion, even by the most resolute devotee of equality; and it is the singular merit of Queen Victoria, that her position and history may be regarded without the jarring intervention of one disturbing thought. Her greatness and splendor seem not inconsistent with a public life exempt from error, which has been combined with the enjoyment of a stainless and happy home.

The Prince of Wales properly shares in the popularity of the Queen, and in his own person he exercises the attraction which belongs to high station, to youth, and to hope. It is perhaps more meritorious to be an elderly philosopher than to be a Prince of eighteen, but Wisdom herself, on a gala-day, would turn from the sage to follow the triumphs of the favorite of Nature and Fortune. The Royal visitor discharges all the duties which are requisite in his actual position, by cheerfulness, gracious courtesy, an easy seat on horseback, and a light step in a waltz. It is the privilege of youth to excite sympathy and applause with little need of self-sacrifice, and only a sour ascetic would grudge a double share of the advantage to the heir of England. It is highly proper that well-meaning moralists should improve the occasion, by pointing out the instructive reflections which ought to be suggested by the spectacle of colonial progress and American prosperity. The Prince of Wales possibly thinks more of a ball, or of a shoot down a Canadian rapid, than of responsible government or of commercial statistics; but he is unconsciously amassing stores of observation which may hereafter ripen into valuable knowledge, and, as his boyhood is closing, he passes by a natural transition into the sphere of rational and manly occupation. *In his maturer years, it may be hoped that, in the wide dominions of his family, he may find in some manly employment an alternative for the baneful idleness which has led some of his predecessors into degradation and contempt.*—*London Saturday Review.*

EXTRACTS FROM "THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT," BY CHARLES READE.

[Mr. Reade having given a history, illustrated principally by his personal experience, of the thievish practices of those writers for the English stage who are wont to call themselves 'adapters from the French,' proceeds to give the following accurate account of the growth of the drama in England and France. The account is remarkable principally from the fact that it is the first instance on record of common sense applied to the study of the drama, and particularly to what is generally supposed to be the inexplicable advent of Shakspeare's genius. Mr. Reade intends to show that Shakspeare wrote good plays because he was well paid for so doing, and because he knew that he could defend his right of property to his literary labors from the thievish attacks of any one who should seek to rob him of them. Having proved that what he calls nummiculture, or the tangible and present reward of money, was what fostered Shakspeare's genius, Mr. Reade then goes on to show from the study of the history of various nations, and particularly from a comparison of our protection of inventors and consequent growth of inventive genius, with our disregard of copyright and consequent dependence upon English literature, that the same process of nummiculture will in all ages produce the same effects upon the fields of literature, and to exhort the Legislators of England to apply the process, and to stake his reputation, as a wise man, upon the result.]

Few subjects vary more under separate stages of examination than a comparison of the French and English stages during the 16th century. The works that supply information in the gross, such as the 'Biographie Universelle,' the historians, the writers of 'Ana,' leave a general impression that England had a great drama, and France had next to none. They scarcely notice a French dramatist but Etienne Jodelle, who wrote two tragedies in the Greek form, and one comedy; Robert Garnier, author of seven pieces between 1668 and 1680; Larivey; and Hardy, author of six hundred pieces, whereof scarce sixty survive. This fertile author, however, did not begin to write till about 1600.

Against this you have in England a galaxy of dramatic genius, including the names of Sackville and Norton, Chapman, Green, Lilly, Kyd, Chettle, Munday, Dekker, Marloe, Shakspeare, Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Forde, Marston, and a dozen lesser stars.

This is the first stage.

Dive below those loose authorities to the bibliographers, who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are more to be trusted; and what do they show you? That England printed in that whole century about sixty-five plays proper (exclusive of 'moralities' and mysteries), and that France printed nearly double that number. These pieces seem to be chiefly tragedies, tragi-comedies, and farces; the latter nearly always confined to two personages.

The number and names of these plays seem to prove that France had a drama embracing a wide range of subjects, and that she had even then the courage to dramatise passages of her own history (yet Voltaire gives the English credit for being the first to do this), and printed many of them in provincial towns; whereas the English plays of the day were all printed in London. They compel you in candor to own that France had in this century a greater and more diffused drama than England.

This is the second stage of observation. You now go a little deeper, and you can hear of no great tragic actors in France before 1600. Nor do the titles of [illegible]

Now sift the early English theatre, and you find many actors of the 16th century celebrated by their contemporaries with intelligent and minutely descriptive criticism. Of these actors many retired with fortunes. Their wills disposing of large and various property, were drawn in grand form, proved duly, and are to be seen in Doctors' Commons to this day, monuments of the grandeur of the dramatic operations in their time, and of the piety and charity, as well as worldly respectability, the artists of the scene can attain to, when their self-respect is not undermined by the unchristian prejudices, and their property by the brutal roguery, of their contemporaries.

Those who, following the flimsy guesses of Dryden, Rowe, and Pope, fancy that Shakspeare was the root of the British stage, instead of the fruit, may be surprised to learn that not only had most of these actors secured a reputation some years before Shakspeare, but that famous actors had lived and retired or died before Shakspeare penned a line. Kempe had an established reputation in 1589; yet Tarleton was on the stage and famous ten years before him. Richard Burbadge, who had the ear of the town four years before Shakspeare, was the son of James Burbadge, a respectable actor, whom we find at the head of a company in 1574.

Here, then, is a great acting drama in England existing about 1570, but greatly advanced in 1576, and, as I shall show, in full career in 1580.

The next discovery we make by the help of Solomon, Malone, and other dealers in legal evidence, is a remarkable one, the true clue to many things on which chimerical conjecture has been wasted, viz: that at this period the printing-press and the theatre were not coadjutors in England, but rivals, and, in fact, deadly enemies: that it was always the interest of a proprietor of a play to keep it out of print. There were two kinds of authors, as there were of actors, the paid authors, and the sharing authors, of whom Shakspeare was one, and Jonson, on a smaller scale, another. It was not the sharing author's interest to print his play, and the paid author lost the right to print his. The sharing author's parental feeling and amour propre made him print eventually, but only when the theatre had worn the play quite out, because then his interest no longer curbed his P. F. and A. P. But the sharing actors, whose vanity sided with their interest, held the bought plays tight, and kept them out of print with the keenest jealousy. They kept them under lock and key; they hid them; they destroyed them. When all their precautions were outwitted, as happened now and then, by double MSS. or short-hand, they appealed to some great officer of State to restrain the printing, or they bought the printer off, or grinned and closed their stage-door to the author.

Nor was this, I think, mere jealousy of the press; five play-goers out of six could not read: but printing enabled other theatres to play their pieces.*

It was Malone who first announced that between 1570 and 1590 a host of pieces had been produced and played in London, and most of them perished.—Prolegom., vol. iii., p. 40.

Having ascertained the fact, but not at that time the solution (he learned it before his death), he dismisses the lost plays with indifference, and, arguing backwards, very naturally infers they were of no great value. But, alas! we who have the clue know better. The better the play, the less likely were the sharers to let it escape into print. No poet's work, unless he was a sharer, was safe. If Shakspeare had sold his plays out and out to a theatre, we should have lost many of them. We have lost one or two. What has become of 'Love's Labour's Wonne'?

I dare not flatter the reader that less than a thousand original plays were produced and lost in sixteen theatres between 1570 and 1620, and among them many masterpieces. Mr. Collier must be of the same mind, for he sums up the loss of early plays in these words: "The very few plays that have come down to us, compared with the immense number irretrievably lost."—Note to Henslowe's 'Diary.'

The real truth is now visible, and to the best of my belief has never been so clearly explained as it ought, viz: that France, in the 16th century, published many five-act plays, but played very few of them; that England produced five-act plays with a fertility which has never been equalled in any age or nation, and played them with no scenery, but with more gorgeous and costly dresses than now, and with great beauty and propriety of action and delivery; but rarely printed them.

Now, if one of our Cephalomants* had lived in 1590, what would he have said? He would certainly have said, "The French are poetical by nature; witness the trouvères and minstrels, and their successors the romance-writers in verse, and Villon, Marot, etc., etc.; but the drama, the acting-drama, is not in them. We English are born dramatists. Look! there are eight theatres in this city, so much smaller than Paris, and all of them full, and two good new plays out every week. What genius! what unrivalled fertility! France will never have such a drama as ours; never can."

Now drop moonshine, and inspect the markets! Begin with France! Here was little better than an honor market. Hardie, who did not write till about 1600, is said by the 'Biographie Universelle' to have been the first who received remuneration for his pieces. Probably he was not the first. No man with a name ever is the first in such matters; but doubtless nearly the first: and until the 'Attila' and 'Bérénice' of P. Corneille, no French author received a just equivalent from the theatre.

But in England it was a money-market from about 1575, prices steadily increasing up to 1620. I am not talking of the precarious gifts of princes, such as the five hundred crowns to Etienne Jodelle, and the more numerous presents bestowed by the princes of the house of Tudor on English writers. Capricious gifts are a curse: they are given not to the best pen, but the oiliest tongue and the supplest backbone. I am talking of a healthy market, offering a sure and proportionate return to talent, and one with no known limits, to talent, prudence, and sober living. Wherever such a market is open to an art, nature gets a fair chance. In this just and healthy form, nummus is to honos a giant to a dwarf.

NUMMUS ALIT ARTES.

To ascertain when the market began, found the inquiry on three positions, the result of general observation of mankind. First, it would never occur to actors or to the spectator, as a matter of justice, that the author had a claim to be paid for work done out of sight; actors, carpenters, salvage-men in skins, scaled and fiery dragons, working coram populo, would be renumerated as a right many centuries before the inventive artist. Work done out of sight is out of mind. Secondly, whenever authors, by the demand for many plays, became numerous, some of the number would be too poor to work gratis: then their hunger on the one hand, and the 'impossibility [illegible] And, thirdly, the author-actor, a character that by another law of nature is most frequent at the commencement of the art, would be a natural go-between to bring about a fair arrangement. For the writing-actor, accustomed to be paid for work, would say, 'Writing is hard work when I do it; and why should I do any kind of work and not be paid for it?'

Apply this key to the following facts, resting on legal evidence. Up to 1570, public plays were played principally, if not always, in the yards of inns. In 1580 there were as many as six proper theatres standing. About 1575 we catch the theatres in the transition state. 'Lambarde's 'Perambulation of Kent' speaks of the Bell Savage and the Theatre. Of these the first was an inn, and the second a theatre in Shoreditch, probably the first ever built, certainly one of the very first. But they were rising on all sides, for in 1576 a Puritan preached at Paul's Cross, and delivered himself as follows: "Looke but on the common plays in London, and see the multitude that flocketh to them: behold the sumptuous theatre houses, a continual monument of London's prodigalitie and folly!"

Blackfriars Theatre was build in 1576 by James Burbadge and his fellow-actors. 'The Curtain' was erected either in that year or early in 1577, in which year Northbrooke, another Puritan, preached against it by name.

Paris Garden was full thirty years old at the above date: used first for bear-baiting; but as plays became the fashion, they were done here. This theatre or amphitheatre was a hexagon, and held a thousand spectators.—Collier's 'Annals,' 3. 282.

Of 'the Rose' we know only that in 1591 it was old enough to need expensive repairs (Henslowe's 'Diary'); but there is little doubt it was built about 1576.

Of the Whitefriars we know only that it was standing in 1580.

'Newington Butts Theatre;' date doubtful.

Here then you have at least six theatres that can be proved to have been in use, the newest of them eight years before Shakspeare wrote plays.

When private speculators build theatres in such number as above, it is to obtain a good interest for their money; but this could only be done with plays, and the plays must be written. Here then is the demand for authors which enables authors to extort that remuneration for labor which is conceded spontaneously to an actor, or a scene-painter, or the tailor that cuts Hamlet's cloak. The market therefore dates from a period not later than 1575, and probably not much earlier.

The immediate result of a public market on production was that rapid growth of dramas, first traced by Malone. In 1580, however, we get direct contemporary evidence.

Stephen Gosson, writing against the theatre about 1579, says, "'The Palace of Pleasure' (an old collection of stories by Painter, principally of Italian origin), 'The Golden Asse,' 'The Æthiopian Historie,' 'Amadis of Fraunce,' 'The Round Table,' wanton comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransack't to furnish the play-houses in London."

I appeal to French critics whether this is not very much the state of matters in France, 1860, under the hot-house culture of thirty years.

To a soil as dramatic by nature as any in Europe, nummiculture could not long be applied without raising, first men of talent, then men of genius: accordingly the names of Kyd,† Lilly, Chapman, Munday, Green, Chettle, Dekker, etc., soon struggled out of the throng. And in 1587 the market elicited a great genius: Marloe, having just taken his M.A. degree at Cambridge, adopted the stage as a profession. Why not? It was the most open, and furnished an immediate competence. He began in King Cambyses's vein, with 'Tamerlane the Great,' and 'The Massacre of Paris;' but this was not his genius,—it was his youth. On paper youth is sure to rant when it does not cant. Happy the youth.

'Who his wild oats is a-sowing,
While his beard is a-growing,'

and begins, instead of ends, by ranting or canting: this is the order of healthy nature. He went on to 'Edward the Second,' still improving, to 'The Jew of Malta,' and 'Faustus.' When genius begins ill (a grand point gained), and rises so steadily, yet so rapidly, where will it end? The dagger stroke that slew Marloe in his twenty-ninth year, struck down a heaven-born and nummi-cultivated genius, that would have produced thirty masterpieces, and had a class of merit all to himself, between Shakspeare above him and Massinger below him. As it is, if you compare the seven pieces he wrote before he was twenty-eight with the seven the great Corneille wrote before he was thirty, you will have no reason to blush for your countryman.

Shakspeare gathered much from this writer, especially in versification. Marloe was the true originator, on a smaller scale, of that melodious blank verse with endless variety of rhythm and natural collocation of the words, which is so justly admired in Shakspeare.

Then came Shakspeare. This writer has been called a lusus naturæ. He was just the opposite. He was the natural fruit of high culture on a fertile soil. He was a noble plant, watered by a rare concurrence of circumstances favorable to the growth of genius. Between 1580 and 1587, at which later date he is supposed to have come to London, more theatres had been built, and authors were in proportionate request. The sharing authors were making fortunes, and even the paid authors were ten times better off than any other writers. They received the overplus of the second performance, and a sum of money, from £6 to £10, equal to £36 and £60 respectively of our money. Calculate the overplus at £4 equal to £24. These did not write so well as the sharers; it was not in nature they should; and the above was not bad pay for their crude and hasty, though talented, compositions. Shakspeare avoided that trap. He was paid from the first as the French dramatists are paid now, viz: by a share in the receipts of the house. And he wrote his best, because that system makes it a man's interest to write his best. So did Molière, and for the same reason. So did Plautus, and for the same reason. So does Victor Hugo, and for the same reason. So would you; so would I; so would every featherless biped that ever was hatched with brains.

One of the barriers to sound legislation, and the establishment of that healthy trade which fosters the godlike arts, is the fatal notion that genius is independent of such trifles as steady encouragement and steady discouragement; that system, good or bad, can neither rear genius nor blight it; whereas it can do either. The more narrowly facts are looked into, the more possible will appear the rise of another Shakspeare in these islands in twenty-five years or so of good legislation and consequent culture, the exact opposite of the present, which is the exact reverse of common sense as well as honesty.

[illegible] told by old women, and the real one as I gather it from the legal evidence which has been collected, with infinite patience and sagacity, by Mr. Malone, Mr. Collier, Mr. Halliwell, true critics, to whom be honor.

THE SHAM HISTORY.

That he was an uneducated youth, the son of a butcher; that he used to kill the calves, and make them a rhetorical speech first, 'We should rejoice when tyrants fall,' and so knocked them down; that on leaving Stratford he was a raw youth, and knew nothing of law, nor of the drama, which indeed he could not know, since he created it up in London; that on arriving thither he went first into an attorney's office, and there picked up an astounding number of legal terms and phrases to adorn his poetry with; that getting sick of this, or being dismissed, he held gentlemen's horses at the door of the theatre, and held them as they had never been held before; the natural result followed: no gentleman would let his horse be held by anybody but by Mr. Rarey, I beg pardon, Mr. Shakspeare; which observing, he hired 'little scrubby boys,' and 'turning Briareus, with digits vicarious,' he held all the horses that came, and received the main profit. That the actors, struck with this effort of intelligence, conversed with him, and finding him centum puer artium, invited him in, and hired him as an actor; that on this he sat down and wrote off 'Othello,' or 'Macbeth,' as you and I write a letter, or as 'Arabian trees drop medicinal gum,' and created the true drama. That he cared only for the money these productions brought him in; was quite indifferent to reputation, and, when he had made a competence, retired to Stratford, and left his plays for anybody to do what they liked with; did not respect them enough to print them; and was a man apart, unlike all other men; an inspired idiot; in a word, a lusus naturæ.

THE TRUTH.

His mother was of an old family of high standing in Warwickshire, and an heiress. His father a landed proprietor and a burgess of the town, afterwards an alderman; and mayor in William's sixth year; he never was a butcher, nor any trade but a glover, and he ended a gentleman farmer.*

William was educated at a good grammar-school till fourteen, and after that educated himself, like many more educated men. The things dreamers fancy a man could only learn in London were to be learned in that day at Stratford-upon-Avon; and there he learned them.

THE TOMB OF THE CAPULETS.

There was a charnel-house at Stratford-upon-Avon, a great dark vaulted place, containing the largest assemblage of human bones in this island. See the drawing made of it by Captain Saunders. Shakspeare, when a child, was not the child not to peer often into this cave of death, and draw back shuddering, and come again. To this impression on his youthful fancy we owe the famous description in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

THE LAW.

At Stratford-upon-Avon there was in his day a court of record, open to all comers, in which all causes underneath £30 (equal to £180 now) could be tried, and were tried almost daily, as appears by the rolls of the court. Here the passions came out strong, and character in all its hues. Shakspeare, the ex-bailiff's son, and the alderman's son, and the thirstiest observer that ever lived, was not the youth not to go often and sit in that civic court, all eye and ear, and mind. And, as most of these clients pleaded their own causes, he would never get tired of it. Barristers are works of art, and partake in some degree its monotony; but the client is a product of nature:

'Age cannot wither him, nor custome stale
His infinite variety.'

Even had young Shakspeare not been so thirsty an ob-

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* Copyright existed in those days, and long before. So did stage-right. But stage-right and copyright never coexisted in England till 1833. A play obtained surreptitiously, and played elsewhere, might have been stopped, because this was theft in domicilio: nor could a rival printer with safety pirate a printed play. But any theatre could play a play once printed. This defect in literary property lost us the true text of Shakspeare, and also the text of two hundred good plays at least.

* At page 146 of the work Mr. Reade coins this word and gives the following definition of it, 'The Cephalomant is he who opposes à priori reasoning, or mere assumption, to direct evidence, present or accessible.'—Ed. Saturday Press.

† 'The decline of the drama' was chanted, just as Shakspeare was dawning, by no less a man than Spenser.

* June 17, 1556. In the bailiff's court, Thomas Siche de Arscotte querituur versus Johannem Shakyspere, de Stretford, in com. Warwicensi, glover, in placito quod reddat ei octo libras. Cited from the Court-roll by Malone and Halliwell. The latter has discovered that J. Shakspeare won this action, with costs. Equally undeniable documentary proofs that his business after William's birth was agriculture.—Halliwell's 'Life of Shakspeare,' p. 22.

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending September 29, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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Love and Penalty; or, Eternal Punishment Consistent with the Fatherhood of God. By J. P. Thompson, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Beautiful City and The King of Glory. By the Hon. Woodbury Davis of Portland, Maine. 12mo. 1 vol. 75 cents. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The Church and Science, or the Ancient Hebraic Idea of the Six Days of Creation. With an Essay on the Literary Character of Tayler Lewis. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 437. $1.25. Andover, Mass.: W. F. Draper.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life and Letters of Mrs Emily C. Judson (Fanny Forrester), Third Wife of Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D., Missionary to Burmah. By A. C. Kendrick, Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. 1 vol. 12mo. With a Steel Plate Likeness of Mrs. Judson. $1.25. New York: Sheldon & Co.

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Address of the Free Constitutionalists to the People of the United States. 8vo. Paper. pp. 54. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.

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Handbook of Universal Literature, from the Best and Latest Authorities, Designed for Popular Reading, and as a Text-book for Schools and Colleges. By Anne C. Botta. New York: Derby & Jackson.

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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

THE PRINCE AT HARVARD.

President Felton has invited the Prince of Wales to Harvard, and the Prince has accepted.

The weight now upon President Felton's mind, is what to do with him when he gets him there.

In all probability, James Buchanan himself, the august President of this great and growing republic, is not more exercised in mind as to the most proper and republican way of entertaining a young scion of royalty, than President Felton is upon the same subject.

The famous gentleman who lived in the back-room on the third-floor, and felt, consequently, that the domestication of an elephant in his apartments—even though he had been won in a raffle, and was therefore, in the ordinary sense of the word, cheap—was a matter for serious and thoughtful consideration, was in an easy frame of mind, compared with President Felton in his present emergency.

The ambitious mother who exlaimed with such touching pathos, when she found one of her tuft-hunting schemes become suddenly successful on her hands,

> 'What shall I do? what shall I do?
> Good gracious me! he's coming here.
> For, 'Liza, neither I nor you
> Can entertain the son and heir,'

expressed what must be about the state of President Felton's mind, when he measures himself and his Faculty in the matter of their fitness to entertain the future king and his suite.

Feeling, as we do, a sincere sympathy with President Felton in his present difficulties, we desire to give him and the Faculty a few suggestions as to the best course they should pursue in this matter.

First of all, we would suggest that the President himself, and those of the Faculty who follow his lead in the matter of costume, should provide themselves each with a decent suit of clothes.

The strangeness incident to such a novel position would probably tend to place them all more or less upon their good-behaviour; and then, beside, the clothes would hereafter not come amiss in any of the future public days of the College.

Having prepared themselves in this way, the Faculty might then appoint Gore Hall as a fit place to receive the Prince. There many of the professors could get off their old jokes about the resemblance the building bears to a steamboat, etc. The jokes are old, but as they have not vitality enough to travel far, in all probability the Prince has not heard them.

Some exquisite fun might also be made here by using Gore Hall as an instance of how Harvard College squanders the money entrusted to it for the erection of buildings. From the back door of Gore Hall the new chapel is in full view, and might be shown as another instance of this facetious folly.

During this time refreshments would be in order.

This process finished, the serious business of the day would commence.

Mr. Sibley the librarian could then exhibit himself as the first specimen of incompetency in office. He might deliver a discourse upon the relative merits of his various styles of preparing catalogues, first alphabetically then chronologically, then by subjects, then backwards, then by the first word upon the first page, and then by the last word upon the last page, etc. Having in this way fully demonstrated his claims to incompetency, Mr. Sibley might then present to the Prince a copy of his 'History of Union,' and retire into his self-satisfied condition of stolidity.

Here is an apt occasion for Mr. Everett, who of course will be on hand and ready with any amount of prepared extemporaneous speeches, to compliment his 'learned and industrious friend,' Mr. Sibley, and pass on to mention the admirable effects produced upon a-ing, by carefully excluding them from all use of the library.

Here is an eminently apt occasion for President Felton to rise, and after complimenting his 'silver-tongued friend, the orator, laudator,' etc, mention that this system was inaugurated during Mr. Everett's brilliantly unsuccessful term of office, and that to him belongs the credit of the idea. Mr. Felton could then proceed to declare with passionate earnestness, that he is determined to continue in the line of conduct he has adopted, and with the aid of the Faculty is resolved to harass and annoy the students as much as possible, and enforce by every means in his power their unquestioning submission to all of the parietal Committee's impertinent regulations.

This allusion to the parietal Committee will of course call out the Chairman of that august body, to whom we kindly offer the following speech, which must prove effective if delivered with the graces of gesture and delivery that have rendered him so eminently unfit for the position of tutor in elocution, the duties of which he discharges when the temporary absence of any of the regular professors deprives him of an opportunity to serve as their succedaneum:

'My lord, this is the proudest moment of my life.'

Mr. Everett may now rise, and after gracefully alluding to 'the not far-distant day when he shall mingle his ashes,' etc., enter upon the subject of the life of Washington, and remark how glad he is to find that Harvard College has been able to secure the services of so valuable a person as his friend who has just sat down. Mr. Everett may then proceed to suggest the following instructive question for his young friend, the Prince's consideration, drawn from the scene just presented to him:

"If a careful cultivation of an uncommon natural dulness, can result, as has just been shown, in enabling a man to gain the position of Chairman of the Committee which has most to do with the discipline of the students, how far must such cultivation be carried in order to fit a King, not endowed with the same natural advantages, to govern as extensive an Empire as Great Britain?" Here can be introduced a graceful allusion to the Professor of Moral Philosophy, who might deliver some practical suggestions concerning the ways and means of overcoming a controversial adversary by ingenious misquotation of his remarks, and of gaining public sympathy by affecting allusions to daily bread-and-butter.

These hints will probably be of great use to the Duke of Newcastle should he have any further newspaper disputes.

At this point of the proceedings the Professor of Greek may rise to his feet and give the Prince a few hints upon the proper use of bribery in Government, and some valuable suggestions upon the best way for a person in authority to lose the respect of those under him; after which Dr. Huntington, who might be prevailed upon to return to Cambridge for the day, should dismiss the meeting, and all parties could go home.

Of course in these suggestions we have gone upon the supposition that those gentlemen connected with the College, who are a credit to it, will not be more prominent in the reception than they are in the government, either because they have an instinctive dislike for such proceedings, or are thrust aside by the intrusion of those who crowd themselves into notoriety as they do into authority, and are out of place in both. We hope however that for the honor of old Harvard such things will soon be changed.

NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

We learn that Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, Boston, have in press, a novel by ADA CLARE, to be published some time next month. To the readers of the SATURDAY PRESS the name of the authoress will alone be a guarantee of the interest and power of the work.

— The sale of Burton's Library, by Messrs. J. Sabin & Co., is advertised in the English papers.

GILDING.

Several illiterate papers, both metropolitan and provincial, are out in defence of Mr. George P. Morris. They desire us to take notice that 'the Brigadier,' as one of them loves to call him, is an extraordinary person; a benefactor of the human race; an eminent poet; a great and good man. Altogether they exhibit singular aptitude in the art of puffery. Their varnish is laid on very thick; and the worst we can say of it is that it becomes 'the Brigadier' uncommonly well. He is a good subject. 'Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.'

Prominent among the puffers is the good and worthy editor of *The Sunday Courier*. With that gentleman it is a charming peculiarity that,—as Sheridan once said of the Honorable Mr. Dundas, in the House of Commons,—he is 'indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.' Accordingly, we are not surprised that he charges us with having made 'a painfully elaborate effort to prove that Mr. Morris is not a poet.' We have made no such effort, as our readers must be aware; chiefly, it might be suggested, because no very tremendous effort is necessary to prove a self-evident truth. Besides, as the good and worthy editor rather awkwardly remarks, 'the thing has been done over and over again a thousand times';—and, we may add, no one has done it oftener and more effectually than 'the Brigadier' himself.

We don't mind saying, however, especially if it will be a comfort to anybody, that we do not consider Mr. Morris to be in any sense a Poet. On the contrary, as intimated in a former article on the same subject, we contemplate him as a prolific scribbler of commonplace verses. What the elegant Mr. Everett is to Language; what the terrestrial Mr. Cobb is to profane Romance; what the celestial Mr. Ingraham is to sacred themes; what the robustious Mr. Forrest is to the Drama; that is Mr. George P. Morris to the divine art of Poesy—a pretender and a charlatan, a hollow and uninteresting humbug.

But, argues the chaste puffer, 'where's the use?' The songs of Mr. Morris are 'adapted to the tastes of the people.' 'It is hardly worth while to dispute with the public on a question of taste.' The Brigadier is 'a very stubborn sort of a person.' 'He can neither be tempted into dying nor replying to please his critics.' 'So long as the people sing his songs and buy his poems, he don't care a Spice Island for the whole tribe of critics,' etc., etc. All which, being interpreted means,—that is, provided it means anything,—that popularity is the proper test of genius; that there is no use in just criticism; that the interests of true literature are not worth defending; that sentimental Brigadiers are irrepressible people; that Laura Matilda ought to have unquestioned control of the roast; and finally that 'there's nothing half so sweet in life' as being puffed in *The Sunday Courier*.

Which we don't see it.

The truth is, this business of gilding has been carried on to such an extent throughout the entire Press of this nation, that at last it may be said to have reached the dignity of immemorial usage. It is consecrated by custom. To putty and gild is the fashionable practice. To do anything else seems sacreligious. Shout with the crowd, says the estimable Mr. Pickwick; and when there are two crowds, sing out with the biggest. That is the inevitable policy. As a natural consequence, the interests of literature suffer throughout the country; the Press has no character—except a very bad one—and no authority except with the ignorant; real merit is obscured by brazen pretension, and the whole land is overrun with Great Shams and 'Great' Persons. Like the child in the churchyard who read the epitaphs and wondered where all the bad people were buried, we marvel over the American Press, and inquire if this Republic has ever produced anything but great and illustrious individuals.

It is indeed very funny, the result of this mania for Gilding. We have 'Great Men' everywhere,—Great Orators and Statesmen, Great Apostles of Charity, Great Poets, Great Novelists, Great Artists, Great Actors, Great Preachers, Great Politicians. There is greatness in the metropolis, and greatness in the rural districts. All Peoria is convulsed with guiltless Cromwells and village Hampdens. Hull, and Damarascotta, and Wesobulga, emit illustrious members to the 'Gin'ral Court.' Gold-headed greatness stalks about Boston. Martial greatness awes New York. Everywhere rise the monumental figures of splendid renown. Great Honesty towers in the West; great Philanthropy broods over the North; great Chivalry advances from the tropics and the Indian Sea. On the whole, it is not remarkable that the American Eagle should be accounted a Great Bird.

But it is in Literature especially,—if we may trust our national Press,—that individual greatness is most signally exemplified. To consider the number of 'Great American Authors' who at this period adorn and dignify the world, is to realise in modern life the radiant splendor of the golden age. It is useless any more to talk of the treasures of Greek and Roman literature; to remember the lustrous epoch of the Medici; to recall the halcyon days of Louis Quatorze; to revel in 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth'; to vaunt the stately intellects of Weimar, the brilliant wits of Queen Anne's court, or those that dignified the reign of George the Third. Those ineffectual fires are paled forever. We turn from the setting to worship the rising sun. 'Westward the star of empire takes its way'; and westward it shines upon a Cobb, an Everett, an Ingraham, a Fern, a Southworth, a Sigourney, a Buntline, a Morris, et id genus omne,—a long procession of great and illustrious persons. Here, where the fine art of Gilding is understood and practised in all its luxuriant impurity; where the facile quill bounds obedient to the touch of lucre; where every hour the Press and the Telegraph groan beneath the weight of magnificent reputations newly-born,—here is a new order of things. Here, therefore, as is fitting, Brigadier General George P. Morris is announced to the attentive universe as a great and good man, a benefactor to his species, a 'potens magister affectuum.' It is a glorious indication of human progress.

Seriously though,—if the game is really worth the candle,—it may be inquired, who is this martial gentleman, thus gilded into an ephemeral renown? What is the character of this poetry, thus puffed into a temporary popularity? If not profitable, it may be at least amusing to examine somewhat minutely the kind of literature which is thought 'adapted to the tastes of the people.' It is now more than forty years, we believe, since Mr. Morris began to write verses. In the course of that time, having moderate ability, combined with perseverance, and what Swift called 'a knack at rhyme,' he has yielded rather abundantly in the way of song. He has always been more or less connected with journalism, and his verses, besides enjoying an extensive circulation in newspapers and magazines, have been puffed continually and with a fervent spirit, all over the country. 'Fortune favors the brave'; and when the verse-maker is also the editor, he may improve uncommon opportunities of winning the favor of fortune. Of course these songs are popular;—partly because of such merits as they possess; partly because they are commonplace and therefore easily appreciable; and partly because they have been resolutely puffed for so many years.

Thus the anomalous position of Mr. Morris as an author, may be readily understood. He is a gilded alloy—a great man with the puffers. It does not require much to attain this curious distinction—which is fortunate for 'the Brigadier.' He has never exhibited genius in any direction; certainly not in the art of poetry. He has written nothing that is worth reading twice—very little that is worth reading at all. His songs embody the weakest style of sentiment in the weakest style of expression. They are artificial, monotonous, and utterly destitute of originality. Their character is essentially commonplace, vapid, and contemptible. They never rise above mediocrity. There are few educated people, we fancy, who do not write better verses as a matter of amusement; still fewer who could by any possibility write worse. Yet so persevering and effectual are the puffers and gilders, that, in the long course of years, these weak and silly jingles of sentiment have been elevated to the dignity of Poetry, while their author has been greeted as 'the Laureate of America.' It is a most remarkable and significant case of Greatness.

We have not space in which to illustrate by copious extracts either the poetic quality of 'the Brigadier' or what are thought to be 'the tastes of the people.' But there is one prominent peculiarity in these songs which the critical reader may observe with interest. It is that they evince, on the part of their author, a singular felicity in the recollection of his reading. A few examples of this fortunate quality readily occur to us; in considering which, other characteristics of Mr. Morris's poetry may incidentally be noticed.

In the poem of 'The Deserted Bride' are the following lines:

> "Wrecked and wretched, lost and lonely,
> Crushed by grief's oppressive weight,
> With a prayer for Clifford only,
> I resign me to my fate.
> Chains that bind the soul I've proven
> Strong as they were iron woven."

Without pausing to remark on the subtle elegance of this passage, we may mention that the reminiscence here is of the late Lord Byron's mournful 'Farewell,' addressed to his wife, which closes with this stanza:

> "Fare-thee-well! thus disunited,
> Torn from every tender tie,
> Seared in heart, and lone and blighted,
> More than this—I scarce can die."

From a disjointed bit of doggerel entitled 'Fragments of an Indian Poem,' we select another gem:

> "They came. Up, and upon them, braves!
> Fight for your altars and your graves!
> Drive back the stern, invading slaves,
> In fight till now victorious!"

If Halleck had not written 'Marco Bozzario,' we don't know that this passage would suggest anything, unless perhaps it were the valiant Higginbottom's exhortation to the firemen, recorded in one of the 'Rejected Addresses.' As it is, however, the reader instantly recalls a familiar exhortation:

> "They come! the Greek! the Greek! . . .
> Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
> Strike—for your altars and your fires;
> Strike—for the green groves of your sires;
> GOD, and your native land!"

In the same poem, the poor but valiant Indian, speaking for his tribe, makes the following sorry announcement:

> "Wigwam, hill, plain, lake, and field,
> To the white man must we yield;
> For, *like sun-down on the waves*,
> We are sinking to our graves!
> From this wilderness of wo
> *Like a caravan* we go,
> Leaving all our graves and streams
> For the far-off land of dreams.
> There are prairies waving high
> Boundless as the sheeted sky,
> Where our fathers' spirits roam
> And the red-man has a home."

It might be pertinently inquired how an Indian should know anything about caravans? As well might a Bedouin Arab talk about the steam-engine. This, however, is not the first time that people have been sent to the grave in caravans. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, in his cheerful 'Thanatopsis,' recommends the same style of transportation:

> "So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death;" etc.

Perhaps Mr. Morris never read the poem. And when he desired the 'Woodman' to 'Spare that tree,' it is equally probable that he was unfamiliar with Campbell's 'Beech Tree's Petition,'

> 'O leave this barren spot to me,
> Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!'

Neither of these poems by the way, are worth printing; but Campbell's is a little the best, besides being the oldest.

Among certain extraordinary 'Lines, after the Manner of the Olden Time,'—which, it is needless to say, have not the character of any time whatever,—we find the statement that

> 'Love is general as the air.'

Why not have given us the original reading,

> 'As broad and general as the casing air.'

There cannot certainly be much choice as between Shakspeare and Mr. Morris.

Again, in the poem of Lisette, where Mr. Morris declares that

> "Thy primrose way leads maids where they
> Love, honor, and obey,"

we are constrained to remember that 'primrose path of dalliance' which Ophelia so prettily mentions to her brother Hamlet.

In the case of Mr. Morris, by the way, there is a decided fondness for the 'primrose.' It is twined about his poetry like that 'seaweed round a clam,' so gracefully celebrated by one of his brother poets.

Turning over a few pages we find a song commencing,—

> "We were boys together,
> And never can forget,
> The school-house by the *heather*
> In childhood where we met."

Where in America did Mr. Morris find his 'heather,' we wonder? Why not have said 'weather,' or 'leather.' Either word would have made as good a rhyme, and nearly as good sense? But it all comes of being a 'potens magister affectuum,' no doubt; and it ought to be respected accordingly.

This same poem, it may be added, reminds us of a song by Tom Hood, which also we cannot suppose that Mr. Morris has ever deigned to peruse. We compare two passages respectively. Mr. Morris has it,—

> "Your heart was like a feather,
> And mine weighed down with care."

Hood's reading is:

> "My spirit flew in feathers then
> That is so heavy now."

Again says Morris,

> "How blest to age the impulse given,
> The hope time ne'er destroys,
> Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
> When you and I were boys."

But Hood's reading is better:

> "But now 'tis little joy
> To know I'm further off from heaven
> Than when I was a boy."

In another place, Mr. Morris makes one of his many sorrow-stricken lovers, bewailing the absence of a young lady named Rosabell, declare that

> "The world and all its fleeting joys
> To me are worse than vain."

But Mr. Moore, who has the start of Mr. Morris in more senses than one, long ago mentioned that

> "This world is all a fleeting show."

> "From morn I grieve till dewy eve,"

continues this lugubrious lover. He had evidently read Milton—a poet not to be mentioned in the same day with Mr. Morris—who has said in describing an equally afflicting condition,

> "From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve."

A hero of the revolution is announced by Mr. Morris as

> "God's noblest work, an honest man."

The authority for the phrase is Pope:

> "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

In another place, another lover assures us that

> "Till memory loses her power,
> Or *the sands of existence are run*,
> I'll remember the star-lighted hour
> That mingled two hearts into one."

Here Mr. Morris is perhaps original. The only parallel we remember is that of 'the retired physician whose sands of life are nearly run out;' and we can scarcely believe that Mr. Morris would nip this aged and ebbing medicine.

Examples multiply:

> "None have ever met or parted
> So forlorn and broken hearted."
> —MR. MORRIS.

> "Never met and never parted
> We had ne'er been broken hearted."
> —BURNS.

> "Fond memory brings the hours
> Of buds and blossom showers."
> —MR. MORRIS.

> "Fond memory brings the light
> Of other days."
> —MOORE.

> "The wing of my spirit is broken
> My day-star of my hope has declined."
> —MR. MORRIS.

> "Though the day of my destiny's over
> And the star of life has declined."
> —BYRON.

> "For none can feel another's woe
> As deeply as his own."
> —MR. MORRIS.

> "Teach me to feel another's woe."
> —POPE.

etc., etc., etc!

These specimens may suffice. They illustrate not only that 'the Brigadier's' memory is retentive, but that his mental faculties in general are somewhat peculiar. Probably, also, they show that he is 'a potens magister affectuum,' not to say a benefactor of the human race. This is a great country, and it seems to contain a number of great people. Perhaps Mr. Morris may well enough be accounted the greatest. If Apollo indeed requires an American Prophet, we certainly don't know of any person in the rythmical line of business who can with more unfaltering courage present himself where angels are understood to be shy of an appearance.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

The Eighth Commandment, as everybody should know, is the simple, direct, and general rule of life contained in the injunction 'Thou shalt not steal.' It is called the eighth because it holds that numerical position in the decalogue, or collection of ten commandments which the Christian world is in the habit of hearing read in their churches on Sundays, and of pretty generally disobeying during the other six days of the week. The Eighth Commandment is also the title of a new book by Mr. Charles Reade, and published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the motive of which is to impress upon the British nation, and the whole world for that matter, the moral and pecuniary advantage to be gained in so arranging their legislation with regard to an author's right of property in the product of his literary labor, that the harpies and magpies of literature shall be restrained from exercising their thievish or imitative propensities to his disadvantage.

The work is well worth the attention of the two classes into which the world may be divided, those who do their own thinking, and those who take theirs second-hand.

To the first, whether they agree with Mr. Reade's conclusions or not, it will not be amiss to hear what he has to say, since he says it squarely and with all the earnestness of a man who is convinced of its truth. And in this age, and in this country where what are called the graces and elegance of style, where the mild platitudes of affected sentiment, cheap morality, and pretended learning are so popular, it will be in the highest degree refreshing to meet with a specimen of honest warmth and manly indignation.

To the other division of society, those who are accustomed to place their trust in the pretentious teachers of wisdom, in the men who from a pompous dulness have acquired a reputation as scholars and men of learning, in that entire class of persons who dare to call themselves and to assume the office of legislators, with their aiders and abettors, those who profess what they facetiously call the science of political economy, it may serve as an invigorating mental shock to find that the possession of a little common-sense and the rare faculty of applying it to the study of history, legislation, and social science, is worth more than all the rags of learning, the tinsel of style, or the owl-like gravity with which they are accustomed to be imposed on.

It may seem needless to insist upon the truth of the old maxim, that 'Honesty is the best policy.'

It may seem strange that after our eighteen centuries of Christianity there is any necessity of saying that to cheat, to lie, or to steal, are as disreputable and unprofitable in literature, as such practices are in life.

Yet there is no honest man engaged in literature who must not feel obliged to confess with a blush, that such practices are by far too common.

Nor can the blame be laid at the door of anybody but the literary man himself.

There is a want of honest sincerity and manly love of truth in the class of literary men in this country, rather than a want of appreciation of such qualities in the public.

As a people we have fought for independence, and are ready to fight for it again.

The whole history of our nationality goes to show that we admire and respect what we call 'pluck' a great deal more than we do expediency or temporizing in politics.

The greatest political failures in our history, have been made by those whose course displayed a weakness of purpose, and an attempt to gain political support by political subserviency.

The greatest successes have been made by manly fairness and honest determination.

Nor have the same qualities, persistently displayed in literature, ever failed to gain the reward of respect from those whose respect was worth having.

That the public is often imposed upon by a simulated virtue, a show of learning, an assumed sincerity, or a hypocritical profession of truth, is only a further proof that genuine truth, sincerity, learning, and virtue, are recognized and respected by the public.

Instances of adventitious literary reputations which have collapsed, or are collapsing, and of deserved respect which has been gained in spite of adverse circumstances, could be easily cited, but will readily occur to every one.

Perhaps the worst charge which can be brought against the body of literary men in this country, is that there is any necessity of attempting by repetition to enforce this fact upon them, for it is sad, but true, that as a body they consider it a piece of 'exquisite folly' to require of them, as literary men, to display the qualities which, in daily life, entitle them to be considered as men of honor and gentlemen.

It is this fact which makes the criticism of the American press so worthless and so venal. It is dollars and not merit which excites its frantic and vulgar laudations.

To be honest, truthful, earnest, and laborious, are as necessary qualities for success in the man of letters, as they are in the mechanic, and as necessary to the production of any real work of merit in literature, as they are in the sister arts of painting and sculpture.

It is these, and not legislation, which we want. Let the literary class make themselves distinguished for these qualities, and the public will follow close after their lead, and there will be but slight cause to complain on either side of want of appreciation in the other.

— Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, Boston, are about to publish 'Harrington, a story of True Love,' by the author of 'What Cheer?' 'The Ghost,' and other stories in *Putnam's Magazine*.

— Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., will sell on the 3d and 4th of October, a catalogue of 642 lots, comprising the first importations from Milan, by Messrs. Repetti & Co., and containing many specimens of printing in the 15th century, and modern books in German, French, and English.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated-fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; which for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.—Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—*Hamlet.*

I understand, General, that several of the partisans and retainers of Mr. Forrest are so indignant at Hamlet and myself for our heresies in respect to actors and acting, and especially for our dislike to mouthing as many of our players do—and sawing the air with the hand—and tearing passions to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise,—that they think seriously of sending one of us (that's me) to Coventry, and punishing the other (that's Hamlet) by getting managers to expunge and annihilate his advice to the players, which, on that account, I beg the printer to place at the head of the present Feuilleton, in order that you may have another glance at it.

Now it is really a pity, General, about Hamlet, while as for myself, the thought of having fallen under the displeasure of such delicate-minded and susceptible people as can be carried away by players who having neither the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, so strut and bellow that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen made them, and not made them well they imitated humanity so abominably,—is something so horrible that when I meet one of them, as I do now and then at the theatre, I wonder whether it wouldn't be well to go straight to Coventry of one's own accord, just to avoid being bored by them.

In fact, I tried it on, the other night, and with great success.

Indeed, General, these robustious follows, as Hamlet calls them, these fellows who think of nothing but muscle, and would therefore give us, among other things, a muscular drama, are my most especial abhorrence.

In their best estate, they are bullies.

I have seen them in the pulpit, I have seen them on the stage, I have seen them in political meetings, I have seen them in the social circle, and under all circumstances I have found them to be intolerable nuisances.

What Carlyle calls the 'Spouting Wretch' is bad enough, but your Bawling Wretch, your man who is compelled to make up in sound what he lacks in sense, the man who arrests your attention, and enforces his point by mere physical demonstrations (whether they consist in contortions of the countenance, stamping of the feet, shaking of the fist, thumping of the hand, rolling of the eye, grinning, gurgling, scowling, hooting, yelling, roaring, caterwauling, hissing, or what not), is of all men the one from whom, whether in public or private life, a sensitive person naturally shrinks with utter disgust.

And yet, strangely enough (and how keenly Shakspeare must have felt it when he put the above speech into the mouth of Hamlet), there are multitudes of people, and not particularly ignorant people either, who are so affected by these muscular demonstrations, especially from the pulpit and the stage, as to mistake them for indications of genius and power.

Perhaps this is the case with most people.

Why, when Forrest hisses like a serpent, or cackles like a goose, or butts like a ram, or glares at you like a fiend—making Hamlet look and act, through entire scenes, like a man in the last stages of delirium tremens—the audience conducts itself as if it were witnessing some wonderful miracle.

In fact, the people hardly dare breathe.

The audacity of the thing they do not see,—much less do they see that all this while they are being fearfully bullied.

I have witnessed just such things, and worse, in private life.

I have seen a coarse-minded, noisy fellow, by mere force of muscular demonstration, silence a whole company of really intelligent and thoughtful persons, and from the fact that he made the most noise, and appeared to be what folks call 'in earnest,' impress them with the belief not only that he was in the right, but that he had very ably stated his case.

I have been affected that way myself.

Moreover, like many other people, I have 'nerves,' and there are moments when a muscular beast taking me by surprise, and springing his terrible magnetism upon me, will produce very much such an effect as is produced every night by Forrest upon thousands of people.

But when I recover my senses, I am indignant at having been thus imposed upon, and feel that I owe it to the community to take my revenge by exposing the whole thing.

And Forrest comes here just in time to give me the chance to do so.

I desire, therefore, most distinctly to protest, with Hamlet, against this entire muscular business, and to denounce all who indulge in it—on the stage, in the pulpit, or anywhere else, as thorough mountebanks and charlatans.

There is much less of it on the stage than in the pulpit, for the simple reason that most preachers are extremely ignorant, and can reach their audiences in no other way than by noise and rant; but there is a good deal of it on the stage, and if you had ten grains of sense, General, you would hoot it off,—for in such a cause, I contend that hooting, hissing, and even more violent demonstrations, are quite legitimate.

I saw a ranting howling preacher suppressed once by some sensible man opening the church windows and letting the noise out into the air.

The congregation which a moment before were awestruck with the demoniac noises (and faces) the man was making, experienced instant relief, and went to their quiet homes nearly as sane as when they left them.

I am aware, of course, that Forrest knows as well as anybody that Hamlet's idea of acting, and not his own, is the true one. But Forrest, like Barnum, and Beecher, and Spurgeon and Bonner, goes in for making money, and he can make more money 'splitting the ears of the groundlings'—and, good Heaven! what a lot of them there are to split, and how splendidly he splits them—than perhaps he could make in any other way.

I say, perhaps, because, after all I am in doubt about it.

In fact I incline to think that with his magnificent presence, with his rich (almost melodious) voice, with his grace of manner, combined with his perfect knowledge of the stage and his very considerable culture, Forrest might give us a series of Shaksperian representations which by their subtle delicacy and subdued force (such as he sometimes exhibits in colloquial scenes) would create a greater sensation than anything we have had on the stage for years.

They might not (and yet I think they would) secure the suffrages of his Bowery Brigade, but they would certainly be successful with the class of people, for instance, who go to the Opera.

But then I am told that Forrest is more or less of a demagogue, and thinks it a good thing not only to make money but to go in for the People; that, in a word, he has got the stupid democratic idea that if a man wants to be popular in this country he must appeal chiefly to the Great Unwashed.

If so, so much the worse for him, and so much the worse for the G. U., who if they should 'wash and be clean,' would be likely to demand a much higher style of acting,—and to get it.

Apropos of the Opera, I am asked just here, by an habitué of the Academy, how it is, that with all my hatred of muscular performances, I can be such an admirer of Cortesi. You should see, General, the triumphant tone with which my friend (who is a diminutive person and believes therefore in muscle) puts this question, and chuckles at the idea of having caught me in an inconsistency.

The fact is, we went to see Paccini's 'Medea' last Thursday evening, and I was so much charmed with Cortesi in it, that I was kept awake by the excitement not only all through the Opera (a rare occurrence with me) but all through the night.

And yet we have it on the authority of the *Tribune* that what Forrest is to the Drama, Cortesi is to the Opera.

But herein I beg to differ from the *Tribune*; my opinion, in a few words, being simply this, that Cortesi is a warm-hearted, impassioned woman, full of real genius, and that in the few instances when she falls into exaggeration or rant, it is owing to the fact of her powerful nature being over-excited by the intense, all-absorbing interest which she takes in her part; whereas the exaggeration and rant of Forrest are as deliberate and passionless as any portion of his acting, and are indulged in with the obvious view, as Hamlet has it, of 'splitting the ears of the groundlings,' in other words of producing a vulgar effect.

And what is true of Cortesi in this regard, is equally true of Fabbri. They are both women of extraordinary passional energy, and of great dramatic genius. Fabbri's impersonation of Violetta in La Traviata, has never been surpassed in this country. It was energetic without being violent, and impassioned without being vulgar, while throughout there were delicate shades of interpretation, such as could never have occurred except to an artist of the first order.

Cortesi exhibited the same qualities, only in a much higher degree, in Medea. I admit that she overacted—or, rather, overfelt—at times, but you could see at once that everything was real, and that these sudden gushes of feeling which now and then carried the actress (and the audience) away, were the result not of deliberate calculation,—as in the case of Forrest—but of sudden excitement,—or, as I prefer to put it, inspiration.

And I am sure this was the feeling of nearly every body present.

But the printer warns me, my dear General, that I must stop, and so regretting that you didn't see more of Cortesi (who is off to-day for Boston), and urging you to go at once and see Fabbri, I remain, as ever,

Yours in everything but muscle,

QUELQU'UN.

P. S.—A young friend sends me the following letter which, though differing from its sentiments so far as Verdi is concerned, I take great pleasure in printing:

MY DEAR QUELQU'UN:

I am a pretty constant attendant at the Opera and never miss a chance to hear 'Don Giovanni.' It is an opera I cannot tire of; and after the somewhat prolonged dose of Verdi we have had of late, what a pleasure to get a taste of Mozart! The change gave one a sense of relief and elevation of soul corresponding to the emotions naturally inspired on turning to a volume of Goldsmith or Lamb after reading through the entire Mount Vernon Papers (if such an achievement were possible), or on hearing an idea clearly expressed after sitting—well! say through two of Dr. Huntington's sermons in one day.

It seems to me that we might have rather more of the classic Opera here in New York than the managers vouchsafe to us. To be sure we get a great deal more of it than they do in the small towns—Boston for instance—where I have observed that the supply of good musical performances is at the best meagre, and the list of Opera performed is so small that the singers are put as it were on a tread-mill, the successive treddles of which are labelled 'Norma,' 'Traviata,' 'Trovatore,' 'Lucia,' etc., and on this they keep up a perpetual 'dread horrid grind.' The fault I suppose must lie with the public itself. The musical taste of a great portion of habitués of the Opera is of a low standard, and so long as the public will exhibit unbounded enthusiasm over 'Traviata,' and rush to hear 'Trovatore' with the addition of Signor Musiani's shrill yell technically known as Ut de poitrine (thrown in without extra charge), so long will the managers inflict these works upon us. And it is easy to see why these are the favorites of the public. Without doubt there is that in them which to a certain extent pleases the cultivated as well as the uncultivated ear; but what they lack is depth and force, with those indescribable charms and graces which only the genius of a great composer can give.

I saw the other day in the SATURDAY PRESS that General Morris was entitled by an enthusiastic biographer the 'Laureate of America,' a 'potens magister affectuum,' etc., and doubtless there are many persons who think he deserves these encomiums; but how fortunate it is that there are some who differ from this opinion, and how glad am I for one, that though there are people who prefer the Anvil Chorus to any other musical composition, and consider it a privilege to pay a dollar to hear it, I may save my dollar and my feelings for a more fitting occasion.

I intended, when I began, to say a word or two of Don Giovanni, but have been unintentionally led astray by a consideration of the fact that the Academy was not as full as it should have been last Saturday and Monday nights. The audiences, however, really seemed to enjoy themselves, and the music was on the whole well performed, particularly by Fabbri, Colson, and Stigelli. The latter gives the charm of a thorough musician's taste and skill to whatever he sings. But there are some features in the acting of the Opera in question, as I have always seen it, which strike me as disagreeable and incorrect.

Don Giovanni, I imagine, was intended to be represented as an elegant and attractive man. In the list of his conquests we hear of countesses, baronesses, etc., so that whatever objections his moral character might be opened to, he should at any rate have the air and manners of a gentleman. But as I have always seen him at the Opera he is a coarse fellow of no manners to speak of, who accompanies his gallant speeches with a brutal leer that is very disgusting. Perhaps the pleasantest side of the rustic Zerlina's character would be that she has sufficient soul to appreciate and to be won by the exquisite and persuasive song the Don sings to her, were it sung as a gentleman naturally would, but to be attracted by it with the accompaniment of look and action which all the Dons I have ever seen, adopt, lowers her in our estimation to a very common-place hoiden, whose soul does not rise above terra firma.

As to Leporello's character, it has been discussed often and at great length before this, and I, for one, do not care to enter upon it now, or inflict the bore on you; so Addio! HORATIUS.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

VI.

I was accosted, one day, in Broadway, by a Polish refugee of 1831, whose character and subsequent conduct turned out to be such that I will not sully my pen or these pages with the details.

Owing to an accidental combination of circumstances not proper to be mentioned here, this individual had a few years before married a young woman who belonged to one of the first families in Poland, and who had been a playmate of my youth.

After he had ruined, almost degraded her, her unhappy father, to save his daughter from all kinds of miseries, procured him a few letters, and sent him to America, where he was all the more willing to go from the fact that he was shut, if not kicked, out of society in all the great cities and watering-places of Europe.

He began the conversation by saying that his wife and father-in-law would be very happy to know that he had met me in this country. I replied by cautioning him, that as our ways had always been very different, so they would always remain; and that he had better never cross my path, as if he did, not even my friendship for his wife and Mr. M—— would prevent my promptly getting rid of him.

The man's name was Fabvius, or Phabvius (he spelt it both ways). He was the son of an overseer on the estates of a Polish nobleman, and after the events of 1831, went with the mass of emigrants from Volhynia to Paris. His youth and personal beauty led to his utter demoralization and ruin.

In this country he appeared as Colonel Baron Fabvius; but how he came by either title he himself cannot explain.

I learned afterward that he ingratiated himself into the favor of some respectable young Americans whom he met in Europe, and that they gave him some letters to their relations and friends here.

He went to Baltimore and to Washington, and was fêted and petted in both places.

In vain Sir Henry Bulwer and his secretary warned society that the man had been expelled by the police, as a blackleg, from a ball given by him (Bulwer) at Madrid.

The Baron and Colonel made a parade of his decorations, one of which he pretended was given to him by Queen Isabella of Spain, on the score of his being a descendant from one of the first European families. The Spanish Minister in Washington, Don Calderon de la Barca, protested in vain against such falsehoods. The Baron's explanation was that the diplomats were all deadly opposed to him, on account of his being a political refugee of high standing—an explanation readily enough believed by a society generously predisposed toward the victims of European proscription, and unmindful of Johnson's dictum, that 'Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels.'

The Baron again reappeared in New York. I saw him, to my astonishment, at a matinée dansante given by the aristocratic Mrs. S——, in College Place, where he appeared rigged out in the most elegant style, wearing several decorations on his breast, and having on his arms two of the most fashionable ladies of the city. I considered it a point of honor to a society which had hospitably opened its salons to me, to warn it against such an intruder. So I told the Baron's story to a Mr. B——, a European of the highest standing in his own country, and who married, in New York, the granddaughter of its wealthiest citizen. Furthermore, I warned the mothers who were present at the party in question, and with whom I was acquainted, not to allow that adventurer to be introduced to their daughters, as he was a man who 'soiled every woman he touched.' It was perhaps bad English; but I wished to impress them with the indignity of having anything to do with such a fellow.

After the supper, one of the young men with whom I was on rather friendly terms, came towards me, and said:

"Colonel Baron Fabvius claims to have your acquaintance."

"Tell him, then, sir," was my answer, "that I forbade him, long ago, to do so. But since he does not mind my words, I say to you that he is neither a Baron nor a Colonel, but a canaille; and the best thing for him is to instantly leave this house."

The next day a German, a confrère of the Baron, came to my room for an explanation, which I gave to the effect that Fabvius knew me too well, and was well aware of my unfortunate duelling-propensities (one of the weaknesses of my youth); but that he knew also that between himself and me a duel was out of the question. "If, however," I added, "he ever comes in my way, I may feel it my duty to break his head."

The German was very much incensed, and insisted that 'we foreigners ought to keep together against Americans.' At the 'we' I broke out into an oath—being furious to think he should dare to couple me with such fellows as himself and Fabvius—and seeing my rage, he quickly left the room. But the end was not yet.

When I raised in Europe, and for many years sustained, the standard of Pan-Slavism in political literature, there was no kind of outrage and abuse which was not heaped upon me by political and literary antagonists. The Baron sent to Europe and got one of the infamous articles published against me at that time, and returning to Baltimore, circulated it there, and also by some means in New York. So, at least, I was afterwards told. And thus I found myself again represented as a partisan of Russia, a traitor, a spy, etc., etc.

I am acquainted with the subsequent adventures and career of the Baron; and yet almost up to the present day, some of the exclusive and aristocratic descendants of 'redemption-ers,' of tailors, tinkers, etc., in Baltimore, cannot forgive me for having exposed him.

Many times since, I have observed and wondered how easily Americans are taken in under similar circumstances. Their innate kindness, combined with curiosity and a craving for excitement, makes them an easy prey to all kinds of adventurers sailing under false colors.

Thus, among others, a certain Wiedemayer was received and introduced as a 'distinguished foreigner,' and a 'great traveller,' among the best society in Boston, Nahant, Newport, and New York, until at last it turned out that he had been a waiter in Paris, and a pastry-cook in San Francisco. He was a man utterly without culture, and of the most vulgar manners. For these reasons I cut him, on the first introduction at Newport, and told his friends why I did so; but the ladies and gentlemen declared, unanimously, that I was a man who abused everybody.

The last I heard of Wiedemayer, he was making a compulsory visit to a public institution in Sing-Sing!

GUROWSKI.

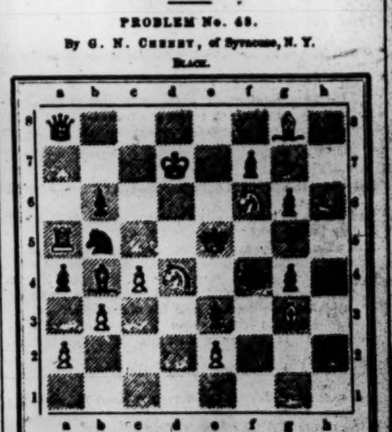
Chess Column OF The New York Saturday Press.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 48.

By G. N. CHENEY, of Syracuse, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 47.

1. K a4—a5. 2. B b1—f5. 3. Q e8—[illegible], Black playing as he pleases.

A GAME BETWEEN TWO BOSTON PLAYERS.

Two Knights' Defence.

C. F. HOWARD.	MR. L——		
1. e2—e4	e7—e5	9. [illegible]	[illegible]
2. Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6	He should have played [illegible]	
3. B f1—c4	Kt g8—f6	10. Q [illegible]	K [illegible]
4. Kt f3—g5	d7—d5	11. [illegible]	K [illegible]
5. e4—d5:	Kt f6—d5:	12. [illegible]	K [illegible]
We prefer Kt c6—a5.		13. [illegible]	[illegible]
6. Kt g5—f7:	K e8—f7:	Play as he may, Black must lose a piece.	
7. Q d1—f3†	K f7—e6	14. B [illegible]	K g6—g7
8. Kt b1—c3	Kt c6—e7	15. Q [illegible]	

A Curious Chess Book.

India, the birth-place of Chess, has added her mite to modern Chess literature. The *Madras Recorder* has for several years contained a column devoted to the game; and the *Bombay Gazette* had, and perhaps still has, a similar feature. Two books upon the game have been written in the language of the [illegible] native [illegible].

[illegible] of these we shall merely give the [illegible] of the [illegible] played [illegible]

[illegible] of Madras, who had the [illegible] Walter Grant, and James Cochrane [illegible] Madras Civil Service. Madras: [illegible] Small 8vo. pp. 64.

[illegible] more important work, and bears the [illegible] "Essays on Chess, adapted to the [illegible] mode of play: consisting principally of positions [illegible] situations calculated to improve the [illegible] and exercise the memory, by Trevangadacharya [illegible] Translated from the original Sanscrit. [illegible] Printed for the author, by M. D. Cruz, No. [illegible] Square, 1814."

[illegible] is a quarto of xlii.—178 pages. We meet first with [illegible] of about one hundred and fifty subscribers, [illegible] of whom were natives. Ardaseer [illegible] & Co. took five copies, and so did Ballajee & Co. [illegible] Pundit, and Jogonauth [illegible] & Co., while Cursetjee Monackjee took no [illegible] than twelve. Four or five Englishmen, whose names appear in the introduction, took from seven to ten copies each. From this list we learn that there was a Chess Club in Suroor in those days, such a club having subscribed for six copies.

The title, introduction, and preface, occupy thirteen pages. The introduction is so curious and entertaining that we copy it entire:

[illegible] Mr. Warden, who holds an exalted place under the [illegible] government, and whose fame is spread in his own country and in foreign lands, sitting one day in his beautiful dwelling, along with his consort, thus addressed the brave *Major William Cooper*, his old and intimate companion, who is adorned with every virtue, and merits the praises of all great men: "My dear friend, thou who art of a placid and noble disposition, who hast an acute mind, who art skilful in all matters, and possessed of an excellent understanding, procure a new treatise on Chess, which may afford amusement to all, and be valued by the great and learned; to be written in verse by Trevangadacharya, of the village of Trepatty [illegible], who is patronised by his Highness the Peshwa, [illegible] skilled in the science of Chess, and a proficient in the [illegible], and who has lately come here, being the [illegible] of your brother."

[illegible] to the wish expressed by *Mr. Warden*, and to the [illegible] of *Major Cooper*, I, Trevangadacharya, who know the [illegible] of the game, have drawn out this treatise, called "Vilas [illegible]," or the Diamond Flower Bud of amusement. [illegible] leaves, four long petals, sixteen pedancles, and sixteen [illegible], are invaluable diamonds; and it grows in a bed of [illegible]. The illustrious *Mr. Warden* will, in the first [illegible] into his hands this Flower Bud, adorned with one [illegible] diamonds;—*Major Cooper*, who possesses every [illegible], will estimate their value. The ingenious *Captain Cooper*, [illegible] is advancing, will judge of the manner in which [illegible]; and let *Mr. Bennington*, who is mild, wealthy, and [illegible] in many countries, distribute this production among his [illegible] friends, and extend its fame throughout the world; let the intelligent *Major Harris* receive delight from it,—he whose [illegible] is cheerful, and who by his own contributions, and those of his friends, has brought my wishes to a conclusion. And may every discerning Englishman, who veils the errors of a work of genius, and beholds only its beauties, make use of this treatise; and particularly that youthful amateur, *Mr. T. G. Gardiner*, whose acute and intelligent mind promises to expand itself as one of the brightest diamonds in the Flower Bed of amusement;—nor must I omit to mention that other man of Chess, the celebrated *Mr. W. A. Morgan*, whose beneficent countenance bespeaks a disposition well calculated to bear his victorious trophies in the game with [illegible] and moderation."

One-half the preface is devoted to an explanation of the differences between the Hindoostannee and the European game, and the other half to opinions and apologies. The writer deems the European game the most perfect, but thinks that the Asiatic game is most likely to produce the greatest number of good players.

In the main body of the work we have, first, ninety-six "positions or critical situations," pages 1–77; second, "four essays or regular parties, agreeably to the Hindoostannee mode of opening the game, adapted to the European play," pages 78–107; and third, "solutions to the positions," pages 108–178.

We will describe the problems in Trevangadacharya's own words: "The first sixteen positions are common checkmates where all the adversary's pieces may, if required, be removed from the board. The next sixteen positions are checkmates with a pawn on the same principles. The remaining sixty-four positions are checkmates with a pawn agreeable to the Hindoostannee play, where the losing party's last piece cannot be taken."

That most voluminous and piratical Chess-author, William Lewis, republished seventy-three of these positions in his *Oriental Chess* (London, 1817); but made no mention of Trevangadacharya or his book, leaving it to be inferred that the problems were obtained directly from the Sanscrit treatise.

Trevangadacharya's four games are exceedingly curious. "They are not intended," he says, "to be [illegible], but are formed entirely from the Hindoostannee openings to practise the learner in manoeuvres." We give two of these openings:

1.	e2—e4		e7—e5	1.	e2—e4		e7—e5
2.	[illegible]		[illegible]	2.	[illegible]		[illegible]
3.	[illegible]		[illegible]	3.	[illegible]		[illegible]
4. B	[illegible]	B	[illegible]	4. Kt	[illegible]	Kt	[illegible]
5. B	f1—d3	B	[illegible]	5. B	f1—e2	B	f8—e7
6.	[illegible]		[illegible]	6. B	c1—e3	B	[illegible]
7. Kt	b1—d2	Kt	[illegible]	7. Kt	b1—d2	Kt	[illegible]
8. Kt	[illegible]	Kt	[illegible]	8.	[illegible]		[illegible]
9. B	[illegible]	B	[illegible]	9. R	f1—e1	R	[illegible]
10. B	[illegible]	B	[illegible]	10. Kt	d2—f1	Kt	[illegible]
11.	[illegible]		[illegible]	11.	[illegible]		[illegible]
12. K	g1—h1	K	[illegible]	12. R	a1—c1	R	[illegible]
13.	[illegible]		[illegible]	13.	[illegible]		[illegible]
14.	[illegible]		[illegible]	14. Kt	f3—g5	Kt	f6—g4
15.	[illegible]		[illegible]	15. B	[illegible]	B	[illegible]
16. Q	d1—f1	R	[illegible]	16.	[illegible]		[illegible]
17. Q	[illegible]	Q	[illegible]	17. Kt	[illegible]	Kt	[illegible]
18. Q	[illegible]	Q	[illegible]	18.	[illegible]		[illegible]
19. Q	[illegible]	Q	f7—g8	19. Q	d1—d3	Kt	[illegible]

Our author informs us that the position taken up at the thirteenth move of the first opening is the strongest the board is susceptible of, either for attack or defence.

— As we predicted, the Cambridge meeting of the British Chess Association came little short of being a dead failure. Only eight players contended for the prizes, and five of them were nobodies. Kolisch, Stanley, and Zytogorsky were the only players of any note in the Tournament. The first prize was gained by Kolisch, and the second by Stanley. A number of the members will not admit that this gathering was in any way a meeting of the Chess Association.

— The first prize in the Problem Tournament in connection with *La Régence* was awarded to Conrad Bayer, the prolific Austrian composer. Here is one of the prize positions:

WHITE.—K d3; Rs a7, b8; Kts c6, f8; Ps c2, e5.

BLACK.—K e6; R h8; Kts f3, h7; B d4; Ps b4, c5, f4, g6.

White mates in five moves.

M. Th. Herlin, the well-known 'Anonyme de Lille,' took the second prize.

— We were mistaken in saying that the Boston *Saturday Evening Express* was no more. Our information came originally from what we considered official authority.

OBSERVATIONS UPON THE 'OBSERVER.'

The Reverend Editors of the *New York Observer*, notwithstanding their gallant obtrusion of themselves into the 'Robert courteous and lie direct war,' finding time hang rather heavy on their hands, have been looking round for some further occupation in which to employ the exuberance of their philanthropic activity.

Casting their benevolent vision, not as might be supposed over the desolate waste of their own religious [illegible] and its kindred contemporaries, but over the [illegible] disregard for broad phylacteries and lengthy [illegible] prayers at the street corners which distinguishes this modern Sodom in which we all live, they conceived the idea of the work they might find in undertaking to convert the entire city.

No sooner was this idea conceived, than with the [illegible] attention to statistics and facts, which unfortunately does not characterize their labors in the [illegible], they arrived at the conclusion 'that every Christian should visit two families, and that by this [illegible] every body could be reached.'

[illegible] of cant and hypocrisy it is refreshing [illegible] modest want of self-righteousness in the Reverend Editors of the *Observer*, and also to learn [illegible] out of every three in the city contains [illegible] self-denying Christian. We are then [illegible] of Gene Sodom. At least the Reverend Editors of the *Observer* count themselves as the righteous [illegible] such a necessity should arise.

[illegible] for them as for us whom they [illegible] there is no immediate probability of [illegible] being required.

[illegible] their visiting plan has met [illegible] street prayer-meeting, and [illegible] appointed to take efficient [illegible]

[illegible] Christian, may [illegible] visiting [illegible] that they will [illegible]

among their own that two parties shall not call upon the same family. Since while this would necessitate the neglect of some pagans, it would also tend to injure the progress of the good work, by causing a feeling of anger and commiseration in those so afflicted by over visitation, and be more than likely to cause their backsliding.

Meanwhile let us fortify ourselves against this impending infliction, by a more generous diet, and if possible by an increased contempt for the *Observer* and its hundred contemporaries.

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[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

server, he would have been drawn into this court by personal curiosity and filial anxiety; for his own father is proved by the rolls to have played a part in it either as plaintiff or defendant some dozen times during his son's youth; and once there, the observer would have returned to it again and again. He knew the road to it, for in 1604 he himself sued Philip Rogers in this very court for £1 15s. 10d for malt sold and delivered by the said Will. Shakspeare to Philip Rogers at different times; and in 1609 he sued one Horneby in it for £1 11s.

In this repository of nature and law William Shakspeare sucked in nature and law together; and that is why you find nature and law together in his works from the very first to the very last.

We may safely lay this down, that, whatever Stratford grew, young Shakspeare reaped and garnered. The very names of his townspeople sunk into him, and many of them got dramatized, soon or late, owners included sometimes. The names of 'Bardolf' and 'Fluellen' occur frequently in the records of civic business at Stratford. On the 19th August, 1584, one Parsons sued William Fluellen in that very court. I dare say there was a peppery fight, and Shakspeare, ætat 20, looking on, drinking it in like a fish. 'Peto,' droll and artificial as the name sounds, was a magistrate, living within a few miles of Stratford at this date. Sly, Herne, Horne, Brome, Page, Ford, were Stratford names.—Halliwell, p. 27. That 'Justice Shallow' was 'Sir Thomas Lucy,' of Charlcote, near Stratford, is now admitted on two or three distinct grounds of evidence.

THE DRAMA.

'That at least must have been new to him till he went up to London, and there created it.' This is founded on the same hasty notion I have encountered above, viz: that Shakspeare's Stratford was the same thing as our Stratford is; sans plays, sans charnel-house, sans court of law, sans everything.

In the year 1569 occurs the following entry in the municipal account-books, still preserved at Stratford:

Item, payed to the Queen's pleyers 9*l*.

Now who was the mayor or bailiff that was so stage-bitten as to make the town pay this magnificent sum to the actors, a sum without a parallel in the books?

John Shakspeare, father of William Shakspeare.

The drama was in the Shakspeare blood, you see. For this sum, however, the players must have given more performances than one, and it is not to be supposed that this munificent bailiff, profusus alieni, had not a good place, where himself and all his family could see it. On which occasion Master William Shakspeare, in his sixth year, sat on some good woman's knee or other, with eyes like saucers and ears like a hare's. Can't you see him from here? And so the drama-loving bailiff inoculated his son, even as men enter a young terrier to blood.

He was not driven out of Stratford by misconduct, or he could not have returned to the town in 1592. He suffered no personal indignities from Justice Lucy,* for all such matters are recorded at Stratford, and there is no trace of it. I notice, too, that when a man leaves a place where he has been degraded, his heart leaves it. Shakspeare's heart can be proved never to have left Stratford for a single day.

Let us combine legal evidence, and shut our ears to old wives' fables. Mr. Halliwell has traced, by a series of documents, the fortunes of John Shakspeare, and showed a gradual decline in his circumstances, until in March 27-29, 1587, he was put in prison. The cause of his decline was manifestly his large family. Here then, in the Spring of 1587, is William Shakspeare put under a necessity of doing something for himself and his wife, or starving; to say nothing of a filial desire to aid his father, a sentiment he probably possessed, since he carried it out in due course.

Just at this nick of time† come the Queen's players to Stratford, and find their best patron and friend in sore trouble, perhaps in durance vile.

William Shakspeare was formally betrothed to Anne Hathaway in 1582, and married soon after. She had a daughter, Susanna, in May, 1583. In February, 1585, new style, she had twins, Hamnet and Judith. Doubtless she nursed her own children, and two years is a common interval in that case. She was evidently a breeding woman, yet had no children after these twins. This inclines me to think the separation took place as early as 1587; and nobody places it earlier.

In November, 1585, there is legal evidence ‡ that Shakspeare was a sharer in the Black Fryers Playhouse, with the two Burbadges and thirteen others, i. e., not a joint proprietor of the building, but an author-actor, paid by a share in the nightly receipts.

Dowdall states, on fair authority, that Shakspeare entered this theatre as a servitor. This statement it is which, misunderstood by ignorant persons, has led to that nonsense about his holding horses, etc. 'A servitor' § meant only one of the non-sharing actors, paid by a salary. There were such in every company. There is no reason to reject the statement thus explained. Every novice would begin in the lower position. It was the interest of the sharers he should.

Shakspeare, November, 1589, is low down among the sharers; but there are four below him: he had, therefore, been a sharer some months. The usual engagement of a salaried actor was two years. Six months a sharer and two years a salaried actor would just take him back to Lent, 1587.

Has Shakspeare ever been traced into any company but Burbadge's?

No.

What countryman was Burbadge?

Of Stratford-upon-Avon.—*Malone in Prolegom.*

What company was it which came to Stratford in 1587, and found the Shakspeare family in that distress, which has so often broken up families?

Burbadge's: the Queen's company.

Putting all this together, and in the absence of all evidence to the contrary, I have little doubt that he walked out of his native town with the Queen's players ‖ on their provincial trip in the Spring of 1587.

To such a result the road had been paved for years.

He was inoculated with the drama from infancy, and the taste constantly fed by histrionic visitors.

He was too genial and inquisitive not to have conversed with many of the actors that visited the town, and they were then what they are now, on the stage they gagged, and off it they bragged.

He left Stratford to make his fortune by an acknowledged road to fortune. I can't find a trace of vagabondage or bohemianism in the transaction, nor any tint of it in the man's character. He went, but left his heart at home; came home whenever he could; and in the small space of nine years, *i. e.*, as soon as he could, returned home so far as to make it his headquarters. As for London, that was his milch-cow, nothing more.

Shakspeare's pen it was that made him a sharer so early. He was too wide awake to sell his plays for money down.

Now mark the result of the present French system of remuneration working in England, 1589.

In 1592 Greene (an established dramatist) was already jealous of him, and warned others a formidable rival was in the field.

In 1593 the stage had enabled him to print his poems, mainly written down at Stratford. He gave the printing of them to Field, a London printer, that came from Stratford-upon-Avon.

In 1594 the sharing system enabled this author to bear his part in building the Globe Theatre.

In the beginning of 1597 this author came down to Stratford, and there purchased, of John Underhill, Newe Place, one of the largest houses in the town, and settled in it with his wife and family. Price £60 equal to £300. Newe Place consisted of the dwelling-house, two barns, and two gardens.

He seems to have thrown his ægis round his father, who from this date gets into no more troubles, and to have thrown capital into the old man's farm; for though at this time he had no farm of his own, he is returned in a municipal record as holding ten quarters of wheat.

This same year this author sold a load of stone to the corporation, price 10d.

Perhaps his inventive genius had opened a quarry; as likely as not.

In the same year Richard Quiny, his countryman, living in London, writes to him for a loan of £30, 'upon Mr. Bushell's and my securytee, or Mr. Myttens with me.' The letter is worded as to a capitalist.

He wrote none the worse for being paid upon a just system; on the contrary, just as he rose in wealth, he rose in industry and genius. About a year after the production of 'Othello,' he bought a hundred and seven acres of arable land in Old Stratford Parish from William and John Combe. Item, a cottage from one Gettey. Item, a considerable property from Underhill—one messuage, two gardens, two orchards. The land he is supposed to have farmed.

In 1604, he sued Philip Rogers for £1 15s. 10d. on account of malt sold and delivered.

In 1605 he gave £440 equal to £1,760, for a lease of the tithes of Stratford and other places.

In 1608 he is said to have given up acting altogether; but he retained shares in the Globe and Blackfriars by writing plays for Burbadge's company and no other.

His popularity and influence having defeated an attempt on the part of the Puritans to pull down the Blackfriars Theatre, they were seized with a sudden fit of honesty, and offered to buy the sharers out, since they could not rob them. On this a valuation was submitted to them. Shakspeare's item was as follows:

W. Shakspeare, for the wardrobe and properties, £500; and for his four shares, the same as his fellows, Burbadge and Fletcher, viz: £933 6s. 8d.

The poet means at the same rate as his fellows. None but Burbadge and Shakspeare had as many as four shares.

The shares were calculated thus: ascertained yearly value of each, £33 6s. 8d., one year with another, of which they claimed seven years' purchase.

Money carried 10 per cent.; so that Shakspeare's income from the shares and properties was about £180 equal to £700, money having declined in value since 1587. The Globe was a larger house; so we may double this to arrive at this author's professional income. No author's income in the 17th century comes near it, except Molière's. Nummus alit artes.

In 1593 Chettle confessed he was a man of integrity.

In 1609 Shakspeare sold something or other to Addenbrooke, taking the precaution to require a bondsman. Addenbrooke did not pay. Shakspeare took out a writ. The writ was returned, endorsed to the effect that defendant was not to be found. On this, Shakspeare sued the bondsman Horneby in the court at Stratford. This was a man: he would neither swindle nor be swindled. There was no hole in any part of his intelligence. It is false that he despised reputation. Heywood has recorded that he was much offended with Haggart for printing another man's play as his. He printed all his poems, and such of his plays as he could print with propriety. But for others he was drawing an annual income from the theatre, on the condition of not printing them. When he dropped acting they were his main commercial claim to his shares and annual receipts from the Globe and Blackfryars. To print them he must not only have sacrificed his main source of income, but broken faith and wounded to the heart the tried friends and brother artists of his youth and his whole life. What! take 'Richard the Third' and 'Hamlet' from Dick Burbadge and let any fool mouth them? And all for what? To add a little paper notoriety to a great reputation. For in his day the stage gave a dramatist a great name, and the press gave him a small one; the few readers of that day fit to judge Shakspeare in print, read few plays. Had he lived to the term of man, and had his friends and fellows left the stage, he would have printed them. But he died suddenly, and in his prime. [Buzzards never take this into account at all.]

Meantime the natural dishonesty of his nation, where authors are concerned, was not checked by sufficient laws. Therefore he could not print without wronging himself and worthy men he really loved—men that were one flesh with him in those great characters he had created for them, and they had embodied for him. He chose then between evils, as you will have to do more than once before you die; and he chose like the wise, affectionate, just, and sober-minded man he was.

The foregoing facts must convince any candid person that this writer was not a 'lusus naturæ,' but a natural product of the Anglo-Saxon dramatic genius, under example, stimulus, and nummiculture. I will only add that, so far from bounding on to the stage an unique writer, he passed through his noviciate like other men, and from his infancy to his last hour profited by his contemporaries and predecessors. He began his career as a dramatist by altering historical plays* of the day that had somehow become public property, and by colaborating with other authors. Then dramatised Greene's story, 'Dorastus and Faunia.' Then he wrote original comedies; and at last he rose to that in which he has never been approached, the philosophical melodrama. Even here he did not always disdain to deal with other men's thoughts. He used the old play of 'Hamlet;' but of course absorbed and extinguished it as the sun drinks the morning star.

If this Anglo-Saxon had not been nummicultivated by the theatre, what man with half an eye for character does not see he would have taken his vast powers into some other business, that would have enabled him to buy land at Stratford-upon-Avon?

Nummiculture raised Philip Massinger in 1604. He left the university before taking his degree, to write for the stage. About the same time Beaumont, the son of a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and Fletcher, son of the Bishop of London, took to writing for the stage, and, being duly nummicultured, resigned their other professions for it, and produced say forty pieces in nine years; fifty-three go by their names; but Fletcher wrote some of these after B.'s death. Shirley, an university man and a scholar, kept a school at St. Albans; but presently was drawn into the best market. Talent follows the market. He cut the trade in birch, came to London, and wrote for the stage. "By this," says his biographer, "he gained not only a livelihood, but also great respect and encouragement from persons of quality." 'Honos' seldom fails to follow 'nummus,' even in the pocket of genius: contempt, open or secret, waits upon genius in want of it. When Shirley was in full career the theatres were closed by the Puritans. What did Shirley? Set up a school. What reversed his sentiments? The reversal of the markets.

After the year 1639 I find new dramatists no longer rising. Nature exhausted, eh? O dear, no; the market contracted; the theatres attacked [illegible] with physical violence, by the [illegible] and defended by the king and his party. In this [illegible] result of the more terrible civil war than was [illegible] was prefigured; the Puritans beat the king. By the year 1636 the companies had dwindled to four. The next game was to starve out even these; this was effected by closing the theatres for a year or so at a time, on one disingenuous pretence or another. It does not take a year, nor a month, to starve a man; so this drove both actors and writers into other and less precarious modes of life, from which many of them never returned. The theatres were closed then in 1636 for ten months, and again in 1642 for eighteen months. So that many years before the coup de grâce came in 1647, which closed them for fourteen years, the market had been robbed of every feature that inspires confidence and tempts genius to embark labor in it. On this rising genius turned its back on the stage.

Withered artificially in England, it was just rising in France, under culture. It did not begin there with Corneille, any more than here with Shakspeare. No art ever originates and culminates in the same hand. The notion that it does is very seducing to dreamers, but hurtful to sound legislation; it has often been put forward and christened Homer, Shakspeare, Corneille, Raphael, according to the art under Cant; but fact levels all these superhuman pretensions. The moment fact comes to light, it encourages just legislation by showing that genius comes, not like Venus, springing out of mere foam, but like the Venus of Apelles, by combination; or to speak soberly, by degrees and culture.

From 1625 to nearly 1680 France had a great and still rising drama, and poured forth some of the very noblest and purest productions of the human mind.

From 1570 to 1625 England had a great and still rising drama, and a more abundant and far more national one; for the French drama * up to Molière's later comedies, was a demi-Greek, demi-Spanish drama in form and theme.

From 1630 to 1660 the drama was extinguished by brute force in England, and all the fine arts with it. Was this a shift in the wind of nature? O dear, no.

In England, Puritans up, fine arts down. Theatres closed, a civil war of the diabolical, *i. e.*, politico-theological kind.

In France, Richelieu.

The drama rose in France under that great man from three causes:

First, He made the country prosperous; and the fine arts are luxuries, not necessaries, and blow in the sun of national prosperity.

Secondly, Being a stage-struck cardinal, he gave the tone to the court and the public, and so founded indirectly and by degrees a healthy market.

Thirdly, He gave money out of his own purse to dramatists, which founded a petty, unhealthy market. His direct patronage sustained Mairet, and raised Boisrobert, Colletet, L'Etoile, and a cabal against the author of the 'Cid.' But his genius gave the people religious peace and prosperity, and his taste directed the public—a fallible, but an incorruptible judge of art. Boisrobert can't fawn himself up over Corneille's head with them.

Indirectly, then, Richelieu founded the market on two pillars, prosperity and fashion, and was the cause that Corneille, in due course, made the theatre pay him 2,000 francs for two tragedies.

Nummiculture once started, produced its usual degrading effect on art. Enter Thomas Corneille, Quinault, Molière, Racine.

Who of these wrote uniformly well?

Molière.

Who was paid the best?

Molière.

Who was paid in exact proportion to the merit and success of each work, as Scribe is paid now? and Shakspeare had been?

Molière. Fantastical coincidence!

Meantime we poor English were cutting one another's throats over the trampled arts.

Weak thinkers imagine that you can close the theatres virtually for thirty years, actually and physically for fourteen years, and at the end of that period open them, and go on again, as if nothing had happened.

No more than the world can be deluged for a fortnight, and drowned all but one family, and then go on again, just as if nothing had happened. It is an ascertained fact that, except Davenant, no single dramatist who had written before the Civil War in England wrote a line after it; and no actor of repute that played before the troubles spoke a line on the stage after them. They had been driven into other lines. Clever men will go a long way out of their road sooner than starve.

When the theatres reopened in 1660, there were neither writers nor actors on the soil. Sole link between dead genius and living dunces was Will. Davenant, who, they say down at Oxford, was Shakspeare's son by a fair citizen of that town. Then it was that plagiarism from the French commenced, nor was it in human nature that it should not. On one side of a narrow channel was a great kingdom, that had for forty years been steadily accumulating dramatic treasures, and improving the dramatic art; on the other, a nation in which the art and its profession had both been uprooted at a prior epoch of civilization. England in 1660 woke up from her drunken fit—the dramatic England of 1630 only, with all the actors and all the writers gone.

Dramatic France in 1660 was therefore thirty years ahead of her in progress, and fifty years ahead in material. Now invention is the child of necessity, and never exists without it on a great scale. Accordingly at this epoch our plagiarism begins. You find scenery introduced from France, and actresses invented in imitation of France, and some few French plays adapted to our stage—wonderfully few, considering. From so complete an extinction as our drama underwent 1640-60, I should give any other country but England a hundred years to recover; but England, being by nature a singularly dramatic nation, I give her a quarter of a century to breed actors and writers on a tabula rasa, as now we grow turnips on a deal table. This takes us to 1675; but here I find another civil war, with Satan's favorite sultana, theology, at the bottom of it: so I shrug my shoulders, and go on to 1689, when the kingdom was settled. From this date I take a human generation, thirty years, 1689-1719. What do I find? I find more dramatists of lasting merit in England than in the land of Corneille, Molière, Racine—considerably more, measured against population. Dryden, Lee, Otway, Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Centlivre, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Farquhar, Cibber, Addison, Rowe, Southerne, Young, Steele. This list cannot be matched in contemporary France—La Motte, Le Sage, Crébillon, Destouches, Marivaux, T. Corneille.

Was the nature of the two countries changed again? Nature be hanged! The English theatre was revived by honest criticism and nummiculture. The French theatre was lowered by bad statesmanship. Nature is a mere flea-bite in these matters compared with the other forces.

England.

Sober citizens, still infected by Puritanism, long held aloof from the theatres. This degraded the spectators from a public to a clique. The stage, a mere chameleon, instantly caught the tone of this [illegible] audience, and became wonderfully indecent and [illegible]. Then Jeremy Collier, an honest and learned Puritan, wrote the one good book against the stage human nature has produced. Unlike the lying [illegible], who write against plays now, without having the honesty or veracity to read them first and know what they are describing, he read every play of his day with [illegible] relish, and pointed out vices that really existed. What was the consequence? He gained a hearing that his [illegible] can't gain: he could not put down the stage, for that will never be done in England by moral [illegible]; but he purged it, and was the best friend [illegible] it ever had. The result is recorded in Cibber's 'Apology:' "This had a wholesome effect on the stage: indecencies no longer passed for wit, and by degrees the fair sex came again to fill the boxes." There is no limit to the power of a genuine book. It roused public opinion and revived an obsolete law, under which several performers, Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle among the rest, were fined for uttering profane language on the stage. This inspired confidence, and the true public began to flow into the theatre, thanks to Jeremy Collier.

From 1660 up to 1696 authors were paid in the theatre by the overplus of the third day. It seems to have averaged £100. But before the close of the century Southerne demanded the overplus of the sixth night as well as the third, and obtained it.

In 1706, a piece of Farquhar's having run the unparalleled number of fifty nights, he obtained a third, viz: the ninth. This was a great stimulus to authors to write their best, for at this date weak pieces generally stopped short of the ninth night. Here then was a remuneration, not only high but just, i. e., the better the piece the higher the price.

Malone, who is very careful, says that the usual price of a copyright, from 1707 up to 1726, was £50, when it was raised to £105 and stood at that for some years.

This was the market that set learned divines like Young, and a man so high in the State as Addison, and architects like Vanbrugh, and scholars and men of genius, and women of genius, writing for the stage. Talent follows the market.

Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Centlivre were both Saxon women; yet it was their nature to write plays. The latter married a gentleman of that nation which is now so dramatic by nature: he had no occupation; and the Saxon kept both him and herself in perfect comfort and prosperity by writing for the theatre. (See the preface to Mrs. Centlivre's works, written by an acquaintance.)

And this is how we got ahead of France again with a smaller population and fewer theatres.

* There is a natural tendency in vulgar minds to assume that when a vivid sketch of some man's foibles leads to identification, the great writer had some personal motive. But this is because they measure him by themselves. Their own praise and censure represent not facts but motives. To the great artist character presents itself so vividly he can't keep his pen off it. In all human probability, and in the absence of legal evidence, Shakspeare merely saw old Lucy's foibles as they were, and couldn't help painting them.

† Six companies were admitted into the town this year—the Queen's company the first in order. The year began in March; and in that month or April these players came, the London theatres being closed in Lent.

‡ Certificate addressed to the Privy Council, and preserved in the archives of the city of London: These are to certifie—that her Majesty's poor players, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillips, Nicolas Towley, William Shakspeare, William Kemp, etc., etc., being all sharers in the Blacke Fryers Playhouse, have never given cause of displeasure, etc.

§ 'Hired as a covenant servant Willyam Kendall—to give him for his sayd servis everi week of his playing in London 10s. (equal to £2 10s. of our money), and in the cuntrie 5s., for the which he covenanteth to be redye at all houres to play in the house of the said Philip, and in no other.'—Henslowe's 'Diary.'

‖ Companies are often short of hands out in the country.

* The first part of 'Henry the Sixth,' is an old play, merely retouched by Shakspeare. For others see Malone's dissertation on this head. He is said to have collaborated with Laurence Fletcher in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' and with an unknown author in 'Arden of Feversham.' 'King Lear,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Titus Andronicus'—of all these plays we know thus much, that they existed under these names long before Shakspeare had anything to do with them. 'Hamlet' ditto.

* It was a noble adaptation, but not a pure product of the soil like ours.

'Ralph Roister Doister,' A. D. 1550; 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' 1566; 'Gorboduc,' 1562; Marlowe's 'Edward II.,' and the historical plays of the 16th century, are purely English in form as well as substance. 'Arden of Feversham,' 'A Warning for Fair Women,' and many others of the time, are [illegible] tragedies of the day, such as France [illegible] now that her drama is a genuine product. [illegible] produced plays of [illegible]

(From 'Vanity Fair,' Sept. 29.)

THE FINE YOUNG CUBAN GENTLEMAN.

The Senor Don Fernando Esteban San Salvador
Had dwelt in Cuba for some five-and-twenty years or more,
And he was known by every one within that sunny clime
As fine a young Cuban gentleman, all of the modern time,
A fine young Cuban gentleman
All of the modern time.

Until at last, though strange to tell, the feeling altered quite,
And folks began to whisper 'Don Fernando isn't right,'
Because he took in politics the Democratic side,
And the Governor General wouldn't stand it, and to send Don Fernando Esteban San Salvador to Coventry he tried,
This fine young Cuban gentleman
All of the modern time.

But though he didn't quite succeed in sending him out there,
He did expatriate the Don, and he had to go elsewhere:
So he turned his property to gold, and stuck it in his belt,
And jumped on board the steamer where he immediately went below and drank a good stiff horn of brandy, just to show himself how very bad he felt,
Did this fine young Cuban, etc.

Now when the steamer left the land, and started out to sea,
Don Fernando set himself to work to write his pedigree,
For he thought it might be useful when he got again on shore,
For well he knew how much the Yankees thought of Counts, Barons, Marquises, and so forth, and he therefore could trace his decent in a direct line from some five-and-twenty Spanish grandees, and if necessary a very great many more,
Could this fine young Cuban, etc.

And when propitious winds and waves had wafted him to land,
He stood and gazed in wonder at the hackman on each hand,
Who cursed and swore with gesture wild, in many a foreign tongue,
Until young Don Fernando wished that he was safely back in Cuba, or else that some benevolent minion of the Government would suddenly appear, and order every one of these miscreants to prepare immediately for being hung,
Did this fine young Cuban, etc.

At length his trials and his troubles all were safely past,
And he was comfortably fixed in a fine hotel at last;
So when he got his sea-legs off, he started down Broadway,
And dropped him into Tiffany's where he invested largely in jewelry of all kinds, and nearly sacked that establishment, after which he appeared at the dinner-table, with all his new purchases upon his person at once—just to see what folks would say,
About this fine young Cuban, etc.

Now Don Fernando can be seen each afternoon at four,
With every aid that credit adds, to a figure good before,
For all his gold with judgment spent, in credit pays him back,
And he has not the slightest trouble in borrowing any amount of money he wants, on the longest kind of paper, and no security, while his tailor's bills never come in, and his landlady would commit Hari Kari sooner than charge him any board, and besides he always drums up plenty of boarders for her when business is slack,
Does this fine young Cuban, etc.

So down Broadway he lounges each pleasant afternoon
From the middle of September to the end of sunny June,
When he packs his trunk and starts for Saratoga or Cape May,
Where his knowledge of society, and all the scandal, intrigue, and other little pecadillos of his many friends, enable him to carry things through without having a cent in his pocket, and all just in the same way,
Like a fine young Cuban, etc.

But when the Winter season comes, and folks return to town,
And girls who left the city, blondes—come back a ruddy brown,
And when the Opera birds begin to pipe their roundelays,
Upon the 'Academy' stage, Don F. not only always has free seats himself, but accommodates his tailor, and his hair-dresser, and his shoemaker, and all his Castilian friends into the bargain, with an amount of generous assiduity deserving of all praise,
Does this fine young Cuban, etc.

And so through life he ambles on, a dressing, dancing man,
He captivates the ladies as a Cuban only can,
Perchance at last he marries some title-hunting dame,
And they only wake to discover that he hasn't got any title, and she hasn't got any money, and there is the deuce to pay generally, and the feeling on both sides finally becomes so strong that it quite extinguishes their flame,
And this fine young Cuban, etc.

Now what becomes of Cubans I really do not know,
For no matter when you see them, they always look just so,
Their hair is just as black, their whiskers just as nicely curled,
And they never seem to grow any older, but always have the same appearance that they had when I first saw them, and I believe they have always looked the same, ever since they first entered this unfortunate world,
These fine young Cuban gentlemen
All of the modern time.

— The 'Royal Academy,' London, is supposed to have done a very liberal and sensible thing in admitting a young lady, who had previously studied art, to the school for drawing from the antique. Such evidences of the march of mind are of so frequent occurrence here that they no longer excite comment. But in England—conservative England—it is supposed to be as great an evidence of progress as the recent gracious permission to set type, granted by her Majesty to such of her own sex as desired to engage in that occupation. We trust the women of England are sufficiently prepared with, and qualified for the liberality of sentiment and practice which will allow them to employ their time in occupations in which they desire to be engaged, and for which they can show either that they are eminently fitted or are wholly incompetent. It is strange, however, that this permission from the Royal Academy should be considered an innovation when Angelica Kauffmann and Mrs. Moser were among the original thirty-six who formed the society and who signed the original petition for incorporation to the then King George IV.

LITTLE LAURETTE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

Little Laurette was sitting beside
Her dressing-room fire, in a dream, alone;
A mignonne mixture of love and pride
She seemed, as she loosed her zone.

II.

She combed her tresses of wondrous hair,
Her small white feet to the fire peeped out,
Strangely fluttered her bosom fair,
And her lips had a wilful pout.

III.

Whoever had seen that little Laurette
Looking so innocent, tender, sweet,
Would have longed to make her his own pet,
To lie at her fair young feet.

IV.

Is it fear that dwells in those weird blue eyes?
For it is not love and it is not sorrow.
Ah, little Laurette, from your dream arise,
You must be married to-morrow.

V.

Married to one who loves you well,
Whose wealth to your life will a glory be.
Yet I guess you are thinking—who can tell?
Of Frank, who is over the sea.

VI.

How happy they were, that girl and boy,
On the garden terrace by moonlight met,
When to look in his eyes was the perfect joy
Of that darling little Laurette.

VII.

How wretched they were, that boy and girl,
When for the last time they met,
And he carried away a soft bright curl,
And the heart of little Laurette.

VIII.

Pooh, pooh! her heart? Why, she hasn't a heart,
She waltzed that night with Sir Evelyn Vere:
Into the greenhouse they strolled apart,
He's got twenty thousand a-year.

IX.

A house in Park-lane—a chateau in France—
A charming Villa on Windermere.
She made up her mind in that very first dance
She'd like to be Lady Vere.

X.

The news will go out by the Overland Mail:
In a month or two poor Frank will hear,
That London has nothing to do but hail
The beauty of Lady Vere.

XI.

She'll be Queen of Fashion, that heartless elf,
Till a younger comes, and the world grows cool.
And as to Frank—will he shoot himself?
Well, I hope he's not quite such a fool.

— 'The Household of Bouverie; or, the Elixir of Gold,' whatever may be its merits, has given the publishers a chance to obtain some certificates of its excitatory nature, from such judges as Miss Prescott, Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Harland, Miss Whitman, Miss Victor, and Miss Forrest, which could not be more wholesale in their commendations if the Elixir of Gold were a patent medicine, and had restored youth, beauty, and a luxuriant head of hair to all of the abovementioned ladies, supposing, as is hardly supposable, that age had withered or custom staled in their cases these peculiarly feminine charms.

INSURANCE.

CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

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THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent to all members since		1853.
38 " " "		1848.
39½ " " "		1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 21

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE 10 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK. OFFICE 11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
Gunning Assam, [illegible] C. Hill, } Surveyors.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital, $150,000.
OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.



☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEEKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.
CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those only of four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

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JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.
CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.
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WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.
WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1860.

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

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